messing about in BOATS

Special Features This Issue

Paddling Past Pocahontas' People

A Utah Yankee in King Edwards Court

Sailing from Juneau to Seattle – 2015 Wilderness Trip

2015 SWS Spring Cruise Reports – Small World Update

Volume 33 – Number 4

August 2015

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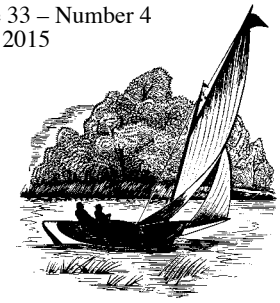

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Our cover story in this issue about the Shallow Water Sailors 36 Annual Spring Cruise prompted me to go back in time to when Peter Duff, founder (with Mait Edey) of Edey & Duff and builder of the Dovekie was promoting his views on the way to enjoy small boat cruising (in his Dovekie hopefully) in his advertising and in organizing his Magnum Opus annual cruise for owners of Dovekies (and other shallow draft boats of similar ilk). Peter's ads were always a delight to read and here is one from the September 1983 issue of *SBJ* to illustrate:

Cost/Fun Ratio?

My word, what a stuffy, stilted way of looking at our favorite time consuming activity. But why not?

If you are an ocean racer, you consider seriously a boat's beam/length ratio, her displacement/length ratio, her sail area/displacement ratio and other, even more esoteric numerology in comparing her with other boats. These are all perfectly reasonable, quantitative ways of measuring the way a racing boat will perform. Here, the goal is to devise a rule that renders all boats equal and then figure out how to build a boat that is either faster or rates lower than her "equals." A lot of people get their jollies from cerebrating thusly and from sailing the fruits of such efforts. If you do, it'll probably not be worth your time to read further as only cruising boat considerations will be discussed below.

Cruising is a much more subjective activity than racing. It is more easily qualified than quantified. Yet there are a couple of ratios with which cruising boats can be compared: cost/fun and efficiency. I'll talk about the former here, and save the latter for later.

The Dovekie... yes, she is a cruising sailboat.. has almost certainly the highest cost/fun ratio extant. She's a rowing and sailing cruiser. My wife and I, after raising our family on a 33' ketch, now cruise on a Dovekie. And we're having the time of our lives with her. Within the last three years, for instance, using her easy trailerability, we've cruised in Connecticut, Florida, Maine, Maryland, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Ontario, as well as here in Massachusetts. We've found more anchorages rating 9.0 or better than most people experience in a lifetime. We watched bald eagles fishing at one anchorage, saw a bear swim from island to island 50 yards away from us at another. We've found it's still easy to find wilderness. Perhaps most important, we can go off for an evening sail or a week's cruise at the drop of a suggestion... and be perfectly comfortable, even on such a tiny boat. On the reverse of the coin, time spent maintaining, caring for or worrying about her well being are practically nil. For us, her fun index rates 9.5 or better.

For the numerator of the cost/fun ratio, the current purchase price (*1983—Ed)* of a fully equipped Dovkie and trailer is less than $8,300 (excluding sales tax). Average annual operating costs will probably be $100-$200! Thus her $/F cap max = 874, and her $/F exp max = 21. There, can you top that?

You too can suffer the exquisite agony of getting more fun for your cruising dollar than anyone else on your block. For qualitative and quantitative information on how Dovekie does it, an inquiry, accompanied by $1US ($2US if overseas), will get you 21 8"x11" pages of tasteful, thorough and thoughtful description, photos, drawings, prices, newsletter, etc, etc." (*Sadly now long gone—Ed*)

The Magnum Opus Annual Cruise

The Magnum Opus was started by Peter in 1980 as a way for Dovekie sailors to cruise thin water and enjoy the company of like minded sailors. Over the years, from 1980 through 2007, other boats came into the fold and the Magnum Opus became organized by members of the Shallow Water Sailors, formed from amongst his many boat owners. The common thread for members is cruising in easily trailered boats capable of sailing in a heavy dew.

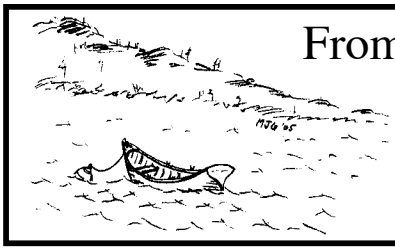
Peter died in 2008 after a long bout with Parkinson's Disease, during which time of his shortened (72 years) life he came to refer to himself as "Shaky Pete." His condition prompted sale of the business in 1987 to long time shop manager David Davignon and John Harding. In 2010 the shop was unable to continue after the unexpected death of Davignon and closed for good.

The Annual Spring Cruise

The Shallow Water Sailors continue to carry on Peter Duff's philosophy of enjoyable small boat cruising with their Annual Spring Cruises (now 36 years and counting) on the Chesapeake and other localized gatherings. Like to contact them? Google Shallow Water Sailors or email brforsyth@comcast.net.

On the Cover...

36 years is quite a long time to keep a special event going, but the Shallow Water Sailors have done so, enjoying the 36th running of their Spring Cruise on the Chesapeake, carrying on a tradition started by Peter Duff back in 1979 (see my "Commentary") to promote enjoyment of small sailboats by those who "enjoy sailing on water so thin it can be termed a heavy dew." See more on pages 6-8.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

Sunday I'm going sailing. Last year I couldn't even afford to put my sloop in the water. I went sailing once with a friend on his Bristol twenty-four. We made it just past the lighthouse at Latimer Reef, about four miles, before we came about and wafted home. So many people, even some younger ones, consider an afternoon's sail more than sufficient. But not I. My agenda calls for exploration. Is there really a state of Massachusetts beyond that vague horizon? Is their coffee as good as ours? Will my anchor drag as well in their harbors as it does in ours at home?

I find it enchanting to wake in different waters; to put on my kettle; wipe the dew from my cockpit locker; sit with my notebook and French roast in my cockpit; and look at the world from a voyager's perspective. This, and my teeming mind, is all that suffices to keep my column current in *Messing About in Boats*. Heaven help the editor who succeeds Bob Hicks in dealing with my nonsense.

Thursday I got *MoonWind's* motor to run consistently by changing the fuel line fitting that clips to the gas tank. An airtight fuel line makes all the difference. There's nothing much more disconcerting than having my motor sputter and die at a crucial point in a passage, like when I'm skirting a reef in angry weather, or sidling up a channel into a harbor with other boats coming and going at close quarters. Admittedly, situations such as these add zest to a sailor's life, and give him something to thrill his audience round the family fire. They can also result in going aground and maybe wrecking his boat. They certainly serve to boost one's adrenaline.

I also began the procedure of mounting a new and different fresh water pump. This entailed gluing a mounting block in my bilge, stringing new hose and wire behind my ice chest, removing my faucet to make up new connections, and inventing new adjectives to describe my inability to access the hose clamp beneath the sink with my too-short arms and slightly-too-long screwdriver. But I don't need a sink to go sailing. Not to go out to the Race and back; to feel the avid wind in what's left of my hair; to stand on my leeward locker and bend my tiller.

But I shall need a sink to return to Martha's Vineyard to buy a new hat. The Hat is an important piece of my evocative persona. My friend, John Wray, has painted a portrait of me wearing The Hat. It's a slate blue cap with Martha's Vineyard, 1602, embroidered across its front. That's the year this hat was made and it's beginning to feel its age. John's painting appears on the back cover of my book: *MoonWind at Large: Sailing Hither and Yon*. And the Yon was Martha's Vineyard.

And The Hat is now so dilapidated as to be unpresentable to any but diehard messers. Even sailors look askance when I wear The Hat near their yachts. I keep hoping that if I leave it about, some seagull may devour it. Unfortunately, even seagulls are aware of their gastronomic limitations. I asked our canvas lady yesterday what she'd charge to refurbish The Hat and restore it to its former, pristine condition. She shuddered at the prospect.

"I wouldn't touch it," she said. I trusted she meant the undertaking, not The Hat itself.

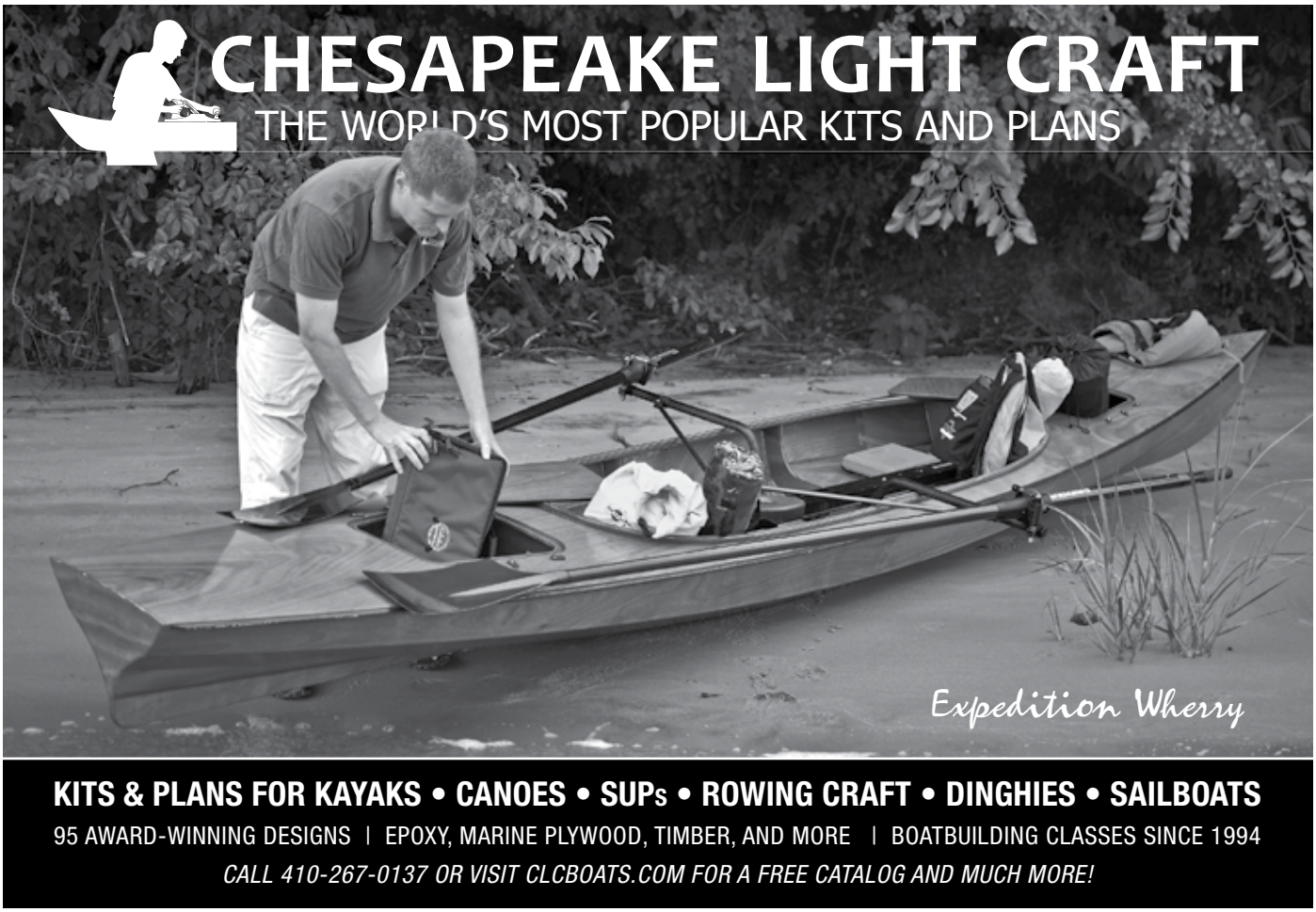
"Think of the notoriety you'd gain, refurbishing The Hat of Constant Waterman," I said.

"Just what I don't really need," she replied, and tossed me out of her shop.

I suppose I could send away for a new one, but that wouldn't be legitimate. My doting public needs to believe that I wrestled Father Poseidon for this hat the entire length of Martha's Vineyard Sound; that I stole it from the vicious serpent that lurks at the mouth of Vineyard Haven Harbor; that I swam the length of Lake Tashmoo to ravish it from a mermaid with emerald tresses.

It has to have been a trophy; a spoil of war; a memento of an especially arduous voyage. Even now, I'm loath to admit that The Hat was purchased by my loving wife when we took the Ferry to Vineyard Haven where I read at Bunch of Grapes. I'm even more loath to admit that she actually purchased it for herself, and the only way I acquired it was by eminent domain.

Matthew Goldman aka Constant Waterman, Author and Illustrator (860) 912-5886, matthew@constantwaterman.com. To view and purchase my books and cards please visit http://www.constantwaterman.com



The Texas 200

By Dan Rogers

The eighth running of the Texas 200 is now in the book. For me, it was pretty much without serious hardship, only minor shipwrecks and nary a white knuckle to show for all the preparation, anxiety, anticipation and expense. Nevertheless, the Texas 200 is still the Big Deal for small boat sailors. And it's now a daunting mountain that I've finally managed to climb. And, I guess, that's the biggest reason why I finally made it back to the hot sun, turbid water, mud and divers fauna of the Texas Gulf Coast. That, and a particularly compelling dare that I simply couldn't ignore.

I think of it as two little boys egging each other on to pee on the electric fence. Certainly no boy ever expects to follow through with such bravado. Certainly the "other guy" will chicken out at the last minute. And so it was with me and a guy who insists the world call him "Mean Gene." We first met nearly a year ago in the rain, before the sun came up, the morning after Sail Oklahoma 2014 was officially over. For some reason our brief encounter led to talk of the event I have characterized as a "cavalry charge" and the "running of the bulls" to describe my enduring angst and pique over driving interminable miles from San Diego with the "wrong boat" to a forgettable little fishing village called Port Mansfield, years and years ago, only to withdraw short of the finish. That was seven years ago. I would have thought I'd be completely over it by now. Apparently not.

Gene had just attended his first TX200 and really had nothing good to say about the experience either. Neither one of us was "ever gonna do THAT again." And so it began. After eight months of brainstorms, misgivings, daily emails, small achievements and significantly changed plans, I showed up a couple hours late at the Kansas City, Missouri, airport. Now it was midnight and we had quite a few things still on the list before we could finally launch Gene's boat, *Norm*, about 1,400 miles from there, in the lower corner of Texas.

Somehow I bought enough food, equipment and sun screen to survive six days on the water and five nights in *Norm's* cockpit. And, other than a blown muffler, a shredded trailer tire and an inop air conditioner, we showed up rigged and ready with the rest of the fleet in Port Isabel.

There's another guy who I talked to briefly in Oklahoma last October. We actually had dinner together and, while the dinner was totally forgettable, he probably saved my scrawny neck for me in the process. Somehow I had managed to tow a boat 2,000 miles from the upper left corner to the middle of the map, only to spend the entire weekend sicker 'n a dog. In fact, I had been subsisting on Top Ramen and flu nostrums while in self quarantine in my van parked on Mike and Jackie Monies' lawn. Chuck Leinweber came around to find me and hauled me off to one of the local greasy spoons in Eufaula. When he realized how bad off I was, he found me a motel room with some of the civilized comforts we come to take for granted. At any rate, I was really quite happy to accept an invitation to visit with Chuck and Sandra at their home in the Texas Hill County as a stop on the overland dash with Gene and his Jeep.

I call Chuck "Our Father Who Art in Harper" in recognition of his diplomatic way of getting us to see his point of view. Sometimes I think it's more a matter of hypnosis. In fact, this guy simply has one of the most incredible schemes in place. Small matter that I had been lured not once, but twice, to the Land of "Embrace the Suck." And ya know what? He not only had a lot to do with that, I stand in a long, long line of other well wishers, acolytes and dupes of all stripes. This scheme of his is not only foolproof, it's just out and out brilliant.

Chuck the Duck hatched this outlandish idea that otherwise normal, even well adjusted, people would abandon their La-Z-Boy recliners and show up during the first week of hurricane season in a hot, windy and basically featureless corner of the country that is home to manta rays, mosquitoes, mud, humidity, sand bars and oyster reefs. Not just show up, but bring along a home built plywood boat, often simply an oversized cement mixing trough with a pole and bed sheet. Sometimes an exquisite piece of floating furniture. Often from plans that Chuck sold 'em. Scheme?

This latter day Pied Piper of Hamelin got himself elected as the Permanent Grand Poobah of the fledgling Texas 200 way back at its inception. He's a semi r etired former potentate now. But still the Faithful mill about under his balcony. Wanna build a boat? Chuck's got a whole stable of designers who will sell you the plans and books and advice. Wanna buy sails and rigging and epoxy and even sun hats? Chuck's got those, too. Need to repair your boat after hitting one of those reefs? Chuck's got the fiberglass cloth and goop to make the patches.

We all totally forget that without Mr Leinweber, almost none of us would even be thinking about going to this particular forgotten corner. Instead, we drive thousands of miles, spend wads of cash, bust our boats and get sunburned. And somehow we all say, "Thank you, Chuck! That was great. Can we do it again?" And then, mysteriously, everybody will rush off to build a completely different kind of boat for the next year. With different sails, rigging and hull shape. Like I was saying, totally brilliant, this guy.

One of my lasting disagreements with the ethos of this event was an abiding perception, fueled by extensive personal observation in 2009, that when somebody broke down or got lost or suffered other troubles, folks simply passed them by as if they were late for work on a Manhattan sidewalk. Gene and I had discussed ways to maybe soften that particular situation when we first started daring each other go "do 'nuther one."

Re enter the Pied Piper. Chuck dreamed up this notion that a small group of similar boats could travel in company, look out for each other and even share meals. Talk about an offer that I can't pass up. Only this one played out in a most satisfactory, but unforeseen, way for me. I had not even clipped the handheld VHF back onto its perch in the cockpit after putting out the general distress call, "This is *Norm*. We've lost our leeboard. We are disabled and drifting," before boats started turning back. Boats simply showed up and sailed holding patterns. Towlines materialized and we were quickly beached a mile or so to windward. Tools appeared. Screws and even a roll of duct tape came along with many offers to help.

These guys came back for *Norm* and Gene and ME. Maybe as many as ten of 'em. Several of 'em ended up completely submerged or sitting chest deep in the muddy water while we jockeyed the broken wing back into place. They pulled and shoved and offered encouragement. This was flat out the very best part of the trip for me. Years of anger simply washed away on that little island someplace south of Army Hole. Suddenly everything was right with the world. That I'm just about always the rescuer, not the rescued, makes this all the better. We really needed the help we got. THANKS, GUYS!

I count the whole trip a success. There were many high points and wonderful memories. But one more makes the top of the list. Sometimes things work out better than we hope they will. Thursday night at Paul's Mott brought one of them that worked out especially well. A trio of Texas 200 stalwarts had died during the intervening year when Gene and I were daring each other to do it again. I offered, and was taken up on the idea, to hold a short memorial service for these departed shipmates. The guys' widows were brought out to that remote location and even some non TX200 participating guests showed up in their own boats. Ray Whitney brought Merlin's bell. And I had burgees with each guy's name embroidered on the rising/setting sun of this year's logo.

I've done this sort of thing before and can write a pretty poignant eulogy on occasion. But going into it I knew this time there would be competing things. Would the ladies be on time? Would everybody be involved in pitching camp and getting dinner and all those important realities of this sort of adventure? Would the wind drown me out? Stuff like that.

Well, I was completely overwhelmed when I opened with my first short verse, "We're sailors. We come and go with the sun…" and EVERYONE from the Texas 200 who had managed to get to Paul's Mott for Thursday's encampment was arrayed around the sandspit. Simply one of those rare moments when audience, message, venue and delivery meld to make something bigger than the parts. Close to magical. We were truly gathered to remember our friends and to say goodbye as only people with a shared heritage can do effectively. I am honored to be a part of it and, as the last line of the requiem, "Their voyage is done," fell silent, I believe we all felt glad to have come.

Of course, by the time that long-grounded airplane finally put wheels in the wells over Houston, I had completely built my "ideal Texas boat" in my head. There is the not so small matter of Kate's admonition as I was leaving home a couple weeks earlier, "So you're gonna finish it this time, so you don't have to go back. Right?" I think I even jiggered that into some sort of acronym that I could name the ITB with. But I do think Kate is right.

I don't HAVE to come back. I climbed the mountain and made some new friends doing it. I didn't drown or even stay shipwrecked for long. No, I don't have to come back. But who can say what will happen over the next year?

Chris Breaux' Bolger *Folding Schooner* is noted for happy crew and gourmet meals.

Threading the thin water between islands along the "back route."

Chuck Leinweber's *Toon* is quick to rig and fast under sail.

TEXAS 200

A nicely turned out Core Sound 17, ready for another day on the water.

A Wellsford "Pathfinder" gets underway from Paul's Mott.

Martin Houston brings his AF3 *Kaa Noo* all the way from South Dakota. Here he is beached in the rushes at Army Hole.

Winds were generally lighter than in past years. Boats could often carry full sail.

Almost done. Boats converge a few miles south of Magnolia Beach. Next stop seafood boil, showers and home.

A friendly race for the finish line in Magnolia Beach.

2015 SWS Spring Cruise Reports

Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*
By John Zohlen

The 36th Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise was held May 1-3. It was a success by all metrics, we had a little rain, grounded several times and some gear (not ours) broke.

This was my 31st Spring Cruise and the first without my own boat. I sold my 1994 Bay Hen just before the cruise. Norm Wolfe came to my rescue when he learned of my boatless situation. He invited me aboard *Piilu,* saying he had never had a second person sleep aboard but would figure something out. I accepted, promptly left for a two week cruise on the Elbe River and let Norm work out the details. He did a great job. I slept in *Piilu's* cockpit on a small sheet of plywood and under a nylon boom tent.

Norm and I met at the Wye Landing Thursday afternoon. Several boats had already launched. The normally busy ramp was quiet except for the Shallow Water Sailors' activity. We set sail in a gentle NW wind and started down the Wye East River along the southern shore of Wye Island. It was a beautiful afternoon. The hour was early but we decided to turn into Pickering Creek for our night anchorage. It is always better to sort out the cooking, stowage and sleeping arrangements in daylight.

There we met Morry and together proceeded to the head of the creek where we found Jake. We rafted for a gam and supper. Jake said he had already seen many bald eagles. In previous cruises on the Wye we would see one eagle near the boathouse on the SE corner of the island or one in Grapevine Cove on the NW comer of the island. Over this four day cruise I saw bald eagles at least ten times. How exciting!

We turned in early just as the sun set. I slept well, until a light rain started in the wee hours. The nylon boom tent kept me dry. Fortunately there were no bugs. There was a full moon shining through the white nylon tent. It was like sleeping on the front porch and your brother turning on the overhead light to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night. Wonderful, but annoying.

After breakfast Friday morning we got underway to return to the launching ramp. We found John Harris in *Pocketship* anchored along the shoreline as we exited Pickering Creek. John lives on the Wye River about ten miles from Wye Landing. He had come down the river late Thursday afternoon. We sailed in company to Wye Landing. The rest of the morning was busy meeting arriving boats and crews. We got underway after lunch and sailed down the Wye East River exploring its various creeks and coves until we got to Dividing Creek on the south side of the island.

Norm and I moored to a tree at the head of the creek and went ashore. The State of Maryland purchased Wye Island in 1975 to save this historically and environmentally significant island from development. William Paca, one of Maryland's four signers the Declaration of Independence, had a plantation on the island. The State turned the island into a wildlife refuge management area on the Atlantic flyway.

I worked on the island for several months in 1993 as a Maryland Conservation Corp crew leader. With a crew of ten 16-18 year old educationally and economically disadvantaged kids, we worked on shoreline stabilization, habitat restoration, tree planting and trail development projects. We developed a series of trails in the Dividing Woods (about 300yds wide by 1000yds long) between Dividing Creek and Grapevine Cove. The woods have never been logged. There are white oak in the woods now that are 5' in diameter! One of our projects was building a 15' long wooden footbridge near the group camping area. This was to help boaters cross a deep ravine to get their canoes to the water. Norm and I found the bridge. It still stands and still serves its purpose, Nice job MCC Bay crew!

Friday night raftups are one of the Spring Cruise highlights. Good food, good drink and good conversation. I have noticed, however, that as the cruise participants are getting older, they are finding it a little harder to move from boat to boat. What usually happens now is that folks migrate to the biggest boat in the middle of the raftup and PARK!

Sleep came easily again but my brother must have had to go to the bathroom again because in the middle of the night the front porch light went on again, or was that just the full moon?

Saturday was spent sailing and exploring along the southern shore of Wye Island in gentle winds. *Piilu* and *Pocketship* sailed in company for several hours. It was great conversation with John just 30'-40' away. And more eagle sightings! In mid afternoon we poked our nose into a small cove across the river from Granary Creek on the island and discovered a pier. A yellow Labrador came down the bank to greet us, with Norm's usual encouragement. Shortly afterwards the dog's owner came down to greet us, too. We started a conversation and the next thing you know we were invited to tour their beautiful home and stay for a planned Kentucky Derby party. Being unwashed and underdressed we declined the party invitation. Such a nice young couple!

Later in the afternoon we came upon Brent and Lois in their mastless sailboat. They are building a fine looking yacht with standing headroom below. The long shaft outboard that they had ordered for the boat was delayed for this inaugural launching so Brent had dropped a 3hp motor on the stern. They also had many, many buckets and pans filled with water in the stern to keep the short shaft motor in the water.

It was now four o'clock and time to think about a night anchorage. We wanted to be visible to other boats still sailing on the river so we entered Pickering Creek and anchored in an open spot with a nice cooling breeze. As the afternoon progressed more and more boats came alongside. We finally ended up with all 12 boats on *Piilu's* anchor, a repeat of Friday afternoon's raftup.

Again, sleep came easily. My brother keeps leaving the front porch light on! This time there were no complaints though. The heavens were beautiful with the full moon, Jupiter overhead and Mars, Mercury and Venus all low in the western sky.

Sunday morning was busy at the Wye Landing ramp. There were no commercial watermen but several recreational boaters. Most of the crews rendezvoused at the Fisherman's Inn at Kent Narrows for lunch. Peter and Annie McCrary, Phil Sampson, Dean Meledones and Mary Slaughter, Tilu Kera and my wife Mary joined us for lunch. The crab cake sandwiches and ice tea were a great way to end the cruise.

I do not know if I will have my own boat for next year's Spring Cruise. Mary thinks I still have one more boat left in me. Rest assured though, in my own boat or someone else's, I will be there for number 32.

I want to thank Tammy Broll once again. She is the Landings Officer for Talbot County Department of Parks and Recreation. Tammy provided this year's Spring Cruise event participants with complementary county launch ramp permits. I sent her a thank you note the day after the cruise telling her who had participated and what a good time we all had.

Friday night raft-ups are always great times.

By Norm Wolfe

This was a cruise of firsts and new experiences for me. John Zohlen and I shared my one person boat, first time, and it worked. Wye Landing has a new, much improved launch ramp. First time at Wye Landing with no ramp fee. Thanks John.

I saw, and even had dinner for the first time with, Jake Millar and Morry Kapitan, who I usually see only at the ramp. John Harris of CLC joined us for the first of, I hope, many cruises together. His comments on a business catering to wooden boat builders were fascinating.

We added another new couple with Leigh and Desiree Ross in a Martha Jane, *Pelican*. Valerie Forsyth was a welcome addition who we have missed in the past and her daughter and husband, Sarah and Ryan, were welcomed and hoped for as new members.

Brent and Lois Sparks arrived in a new boat bigger than most of us even dream of, all hand built ultra light by Brent. Spars and sails are next.

Last, but not least, Abby, this year the only dog on Follansbee's boat, appeared quite happy to be without her regular canine companions. She even wagged her tail at me.

By Morry Kapitan

I have probably sailed the Wye River at least six or seven times. There was a point in the early 2000s where I cruised the Wye at least once every year. Looking at the chart, it really shouldn't be such a big draw, but there is a lot going on in the vicinity of Wye Island. There really is something for everyone

The ramp is spacious, relatively new and with plenty of cleats and padding to prevent scrapes to boat hulls, one of the best facilities to be found. Also, good anchorages are numerous and not very far away, so those who don't want to stress out over long sailing legs between anchorages can kick back and relax with a couple of extra cups of coffee in the morning and take a long lunch break in some cove without watching the clock.

But there are challenges to be had. I always look forward to completely sailing around Wye Island, which entails navigating a fixed bridge that requires the mast to be taken down while in the water as well as lots of twists and turns in the various rivers with the name of Wye, Wye River, Wye Narrows and Wye East. The wind is constantly bending with the course of these rivers. If one successfully manages these winds while circumnavigating Wye Island, it feels like quite an accomplishment.

Jake Millar and I made a pact on Saturday morning to finish a circumnavigation and sail the entire day without motors from Solo Cove on Wye Narrows to the planned SWS anchorage in Pickering Creek off of the Wye East. We set a tentative plan to have lunch in Dividing Creek, also, but that was a lunch stop I would not make. After watching Jake overhaul Drum Point on the Wye River in a couple of tacks, I bit the wind washing machine and it took 12 tacks for me to accomplish the same thing. Instead of enjoying a lunch at anchor, I ate my sandwich underway and felt humbled by the Wye. I spent quite a long day sailing on Saturday, and it took every bit of my skill to keep the boat moving in the right direction.

There were some non sailing highlights, also. Sailing on Saturday past Lloyd Creek in very light winds, some of our boats got to enjoy a concert by an orchestra perform-

Paul and Deborah Follansbee and Abby (their dog) in *Wandering Bark*, a Shearwater.

Brian and Valerie Forsyth with daughter Sarah and son-in-law Ryan in *Reely Otter*, a Sea Pearl 21.

John Harris in *Pocketship*, a CLC Pocketship.

Norman and Diane Hudson-Taylor in *Annika*, a Litorina.

Morry Kapitan in *Peep Hen*, a Peep Hen.

Jake Millar in *Sedge*, a Dovekie.

Norm Wolfe and John Zohlen in Piilu, a Normsboat

Who Are The Shallow Water Sailors?

The SWSers are trailer sailors who enjoy sailing on water so thin it can be termed a "heavy dew." *Shallow Water Sailor* actually refers to the group's newsletter started in 1986 by a band of Dovekie owners. The Dovekie is a sharpie sailboat designed by Phil Bolger in a "strenuous attempt to produce a popular family recreational boat that would function without an engine." What resulted was a boat with a 4" draft that in windless conditions can be propelled by 10' oars at about 2 knots. Its owners discovered that the boat has many other virtues that class it in the truly trailerable, messabout sailboat category.

Today, though the majority of the SWS membership are Dovekie owners, a good percentage own other trailerable boats such as Shearwaters, Bay Hens, Peep Hens, Sea Pearls, Martha Janes, Seaward Foxes, as well as MacGregors. What SWSers have in common is the urge to experience the numerous bodies of water that provide pleasant and challenging sailing experiences that are within a day or two drive from home.

To learn much more about the Shallow Water Sailors google: Shallow Water Sailors Group.

Leo Smith and Sandy Lommen in *Scout*, a Martha Jane.

Leigh and Desiree Ross in *Pelican*, a Martha Jane.

Brent and Lois Sparks in their partially finished home made 26' sailboat.

Dave and Donna Laux and Sam (the dog) in *Sparrow*, a Spirit 6.5.

ing American standards in a tent erected on a grand riverside lawn. I also got to participate in a big raft up on Saturday night after some years of heading off in other directions during past Spring Cruises.

In fact, Jake and I were in Solo Cove on Friday evening when the rest of the fleet went to Dividing Creek on the other side of the Island. Jake and I were surprised when Brent and Lois Sparks maneuvered their big new Princess 26 into the cove. I guess they were surprised to see us tucked far away from everyone else, also, but Brent less so as he said to his wife that Jake and I were known for this. I took this statement as meaning we were not well socialized with the fleet, but he could also have meant we were known for being daring and adventurous sailors. I am pretty certain he meant the former.

Anyway, the raft up was great fun and a number of us clambered aboard the Hudson-Taylor's boat to see if the impressive CE certification it carried was real or just fluff. The boat didn't sink and delicious goodies issued forth from its galley, so my thinking is that the certification must be real. Hiking on the island was also possible on this cruise, and I did manage to take a hike on Friday afternoon to both Dividing Creek and Grapevine Cove on the trails provided.

The one thing I missed seeing was the small flock of Black Welsh Mountain Sheep that are sometimes seen on the riverside lawn of the Wye Heights Plantation house. It has to be an impressive place if they use sheep to keep the grass trimmed. The sheep have been there every other time I have sailed the Wye, most recently two seasons ago. Perhaps it is a bit too early in the season for the house lawn to receive this treatment. Sheep or no sheep, I had a wonderful time and my enthusiasm for the Wye River remains.

Ernie Klopping and Pat Smalley in *Diva*, a Dovekie

A Utah Yankee in King Edwards Court

By Kyle Williams

I have done quite a bit of small boat cruising here in the US and in Mexico. In fact, an article that I had once read about a guy who cruised for 250 miles along Baja in a small boat was the inspiration to get me started in sailing in the first place, and I have spent many wonderful weeks and months sailing my little boats hither and yon.

For years I have participated in a few online small boat cruising forums, with most of the members residing and sailing in the UK. Sailing the tidal rivers of Great Britain has always held a special fascination for me. None of my sailing, even in Mexico, required much thought to the tides, other than pulling my kayak up above the high tide line of driftwood on the beach to ensure I still had a boat nearby in the morning. When my son moved to London last year with his job, I knew I would soon get the opportunity to sail with the big boys.

As an island nation, England invented sailing, right? Well, I guess if we don't count the Kuwaitis. Or the Phoenicians. Or the Chinese. Or the Polynesians. But we have to admit, the English did pretty well at it. Building an empire that the sun never set on required a fair bit of sailing expertise. And the blokes fishing out of wee boats in every sort of wild weather have fed the whole nation for a long time. (The whole fish and chips thing requires a boatload of fish.) That small boat passion resides to this day in the hearts of the crazies who sail with groups like the Dinghy Cruising Association (DCA) and the Hostellers Sailing Club.

I booked a two week trip to London in late April 2015, because it was convenient for both me and my son Porter and his wife Erin. I wasn't sure if that was a good time to go sailing in the UK or not. I knew it didn't freeze much there, so how bad could it be? Turns out the DCA had a sailing event planned for the weekend I was there! Perfect. The plan was to sail up the Tamar River out of Plymouth Harbor (yes, Plymouth, as in the *Mayflower* and the Pilgrims) and explore some of the creeks and pubs in that area.

That was especially cool for me because I had been watching a 12 episode BBC special showing how life was on a farm up the Tamar valley during the period of King Edward (late 1800s early 1900s). The river with its sailing barges was the main form of transport of goods to and from the cities all over England. Vegetables and flowers went down river to the cities, horse manure from the stables of the cities went back up river to fertilize the fields! It was a well balanced system for a thousand years, but permanently interrupted by the train and truck.

From what I had been reading, I had this probably over romanticized idea that dinghy cruising in the UK involved sailing with the rising tide up a river through beautiful wooded and fielded countryside to some secluded little moorage, tie up to the bank and let the flat bottomed boat settle down on to the mud as the tide went out. We would walk up a little cow path to a village and spend the evening in a pub, enjoying the warmth of a fire, drink a pint and eat some bangers and mash and sing some songs until they kicked us out, then trundle our way back to the boat and sleep on board under a little tent erected over the cockpit. In the morning the tide would be high again and lift us off the mud as we awoke and brewed up a pot of coffee (no tea for these blokes), then ride the falling tide back on down the river to repeat again up another creek. Guess what? Turns out it was pretty much just like that! Oh yeah, and did you know it rains a lot in England? Who'd a thunk?

I rode a bus five hours across England from London to Plymouth where I was met at the station by DCA members John and Josephine Perry who, it turned out, had been writing many of the sailing stories I had been reading online all these years! They graciously invited me to stay at their home overnight and the next day we drove to the Mountbatten slipway to meet with the club president Roger Barnes. Roger had invited me to crew with him on *Avel Dro,* his replica of a 100 year old French fishing dinghy.

This is a really cool design based on a traditional wooden working boat. The hull is clinker built (overlapping planks) with an open cockpit, no decking anywhere. The mast is a solid wooden log lashed into position with a rope around two belaying pins. The sail is a beautiful deep red tanbark lug rig with no boom. In the old days in these boats the guys were too busy fishing to worry about a boom swinging around and conking them on the head. Even today that is a nice feature, as I was to learn. The main sheet is looped onto a cleat (wooden, of course) on each aft corner and needs to be moved from one side to another each time we come about, and the movement thereof needs to be timed precisely mid turn while the sheet is slack before the wind fills in on the new tack, or it gets yanked out of our hands and flogs mercilessly. It took me a while to get the hang of that, especially while gybing, and a boom would have been lethal, although if I had lived through it I am sure I would have learned quicker.

We sailed across the bay and up into the St Germains River with the rising tide. We were meeting other folks up there in Forder Lake near John and Jan Lidstone's home. John was the organizer of this club event, he was prevented from joining for too much sailing, but he was a fine host for the evening.

As it was still early yet, Roger and I sailed up the river a ways further just for fun. We had a bit of a beat back against the tide, but it was starting to slacken so we made it back OK. I learned a bit about running aground in mud so soft we couldn't feel a thing until we noticed we weren't moving at all and the boat wouldn't come about. The centerboard was our depth sounder, letting us know when we mudded, and then easily retracted to let us go free.

Back at John and Jan's, where we tied up for the night, we met up with the Perrys on their self designed and built dinghy, a beautiful craft, and Alastair Law in his self built Paradox *Little Jim*. Up the trail to John's house we went (we weren't sure which house was his, but the DCA burgee flying on the porch was a clue) for tea and toast, then up to the pub for dinner and drinks. Back at the boats we crawled under the boom tents where even in the constant drizzle it was cozy warm. Roger had a bit of a drip on his head all night but I lucked out and was drip free (or maybe he had gallantly offered me, the guest, the non drip side).

Perrys in the rain.

In the night we heard a horrible racket of falling hardware and we thought maybe a mast had fallen down or something, but since it was raining we decided we would wait until morning to investigate. Turns out someone driving by on the road above the bay had tossed out and down over the bluff a child's car seat (no child attached) and a child's bike. I guess they were done with kids!

After a breakfast of fried bacon sandwiches and coffee, we casually sailed on back down to a bay and across to Mayflower marina where we had a lunch. There, amidst all the shiny new GRP and chrome yachts, was a huge old wooden trawler that immediately caught my attention. She had been recently restored and looked in good working shape. Talking to the restoration weary but justifiably proud owner, we learned that she had been involved in the evacuation of Dunkirk! I noticed that she had a tiller for steering, which was refreshing. I have never been a fan of wheels and am tired of yacht owners who bleat on about how THEIR yacht is so big it couldn't possibly be steered by a tiller. They need to talk to this guy. This ship was much bigger than any of those goofuses!

Aboard the Dunkirk boat.

We sailed on the rising tide on up the Tamar River. There was a nice wind blowing upriver, which schooled me on the fine art of smartly moving that main sheet across to the opposite cleat each time we came about. I was still learning as we entered a crowded mooring field and there was no room for error without expensive consequences, so I handed the helm to Roger. We worked our way up the tight U turns of the river, pulling out at Cotehele in a driving rain for a warm up snack of Cream Tea.

The soft mud shore was ankle deep at that landing, but we were so wet from the rain anyway that a complete immersion rinse to the waist didn't make us any wetter. Cotehele is a historical restored manor house, stone quay, lime kiln, tea shop and barge landing, with the restored sailing barge *Shamrock* floating there (although I was told the resto-

Cotehele.

ration job was poor and she is quite incapable of sailing worth a darn).

On up the river we went, under the beautiful graceful arches of the old bridge soaring 120' above us, to the quaint little village of Calstock with a floating dock, which we were informed was off limits to the likes of us, so we tied up to the stone quay wall. We wandered the town a bit, walking out on the train bridge (against the sign that said not to) spanning the river far below. It was evening and there were many finely dressed up ladies getting on the train, apparently heading into the big city for the evening.

Back at the Tamar Inn by the quay, we were shaken down for 5 quid by a local hot shot with fancy hair and black leather jacket who smugly told us we were not allowed to tie up unless we contributed to the local rowing club. Hmmm. So much for the friendly welcoming locals! Maybe that was back in the olden days when people there worked for a living. Now it seemed like a pretty exclusive crowd of rich folks, sort of like Aspen or Zermatt.

We had dinner and drinks there again. The group assured me that the DCA did not routinely eat out this much, they usually cooked simple one pot dishes on board, but since the weather was so nasty (and perhaps to let me sample as many pubs as possible!) we ate out a lot on this trip. Sort of broke the bank for most of us but it was still great fun.

The dawn brought a thick fog, which my local mates assured me meant that the day would be fair once the fog burned off. Sure enough, it wasn't long before we were enjoying a clear sunny morning. The wind was calm as we drifted on the ebbing tide downstream, sculling a bit to make a bit better time. It was still early, but looking forward with a navigator's brain we needed to get down and through the Cremyll Narrows before the tide turned at 1:00 or we would spend another night there, so we had to keep moving.

It is funny that we didn't consider ourselves "racers" per se, but in a sense we were always racing the change of the tide. Roger was trying to teach me the fine art of sculling, and I was working at it, trying my best to move us faster than the current, when Alastair drifted by us idly on the current, going faster than me waggling the "stick" back and forth! Hmmm. Sculling is harder than it looks. I sat down and bent to the oars, while Roger manned the helm and guided us back through the crowded mooring field.

We were rowing merrily along with Alastair sculling nearby. Actually, he was using a yuloh (so I guess he was yulohing merrily along), a curved shaft bending to a horizontal blade, of Asian design. He said it made the task almost foolproof, which would have been perfect for me. I never did get the hang of sculling with the flat bladed oar, which required a deft twist of the wrist on each stroke. A couple of folks in a motorized inflatable came by, asking us if we were OK and did we need a tow? As if anyone who was rowing must be in trouble! We cheekily wanted to ask if, since they were motoring, was there something wrong with their oars?

Calstock Bridge in the fog.

Alistair in his homebuilt Paradox, *Little Jim*.

Skipper Roger Barnes at the tiller of *Avel Dro*.

Trying to scull.

We made it through the narrows with a bit of time to spare. I was again at the helm, being squeezed by a big boat in the channel on one side and the navy yard exclusion "No Go" zone on the other. We were supposed to keep 100 meters away from the submarine moored there at the quay, but there were no markers that I could see and really, who can estimate 100 meters? Not me, apparently. I was slowly headed towards the navy side of the equation, watching for the best time to come about.

Suddenly the police boat guarding the nuclear arsenal roared right up on us, and I mean RIGHT up on us, with a man shouting at us to get away. NOW! Roger hollered back (over the sound of their engines) that we would be happy to but they were in our way and would they please back off and give us sea room so that we could come about. The guy yelled back, "No, you back off NOW! Don't you have an engine?" After realizing that we did not, and that we did indeed need a wee bit of room in order to fulfil the order, they backed off and we came about and moved harmlessly away without further confrontation. I guess even navy guys don't really understand what small unmotorized boats are all about.

I was later told by a friend who had worked there a while back that there would have been a man with a rifle on shore watching the entire encounter, calculating whether to "get involved " or not. I am glad he calculated that I was just a bumbling fool and not a dangerous terrorist just trying to look like a bumbling fool.

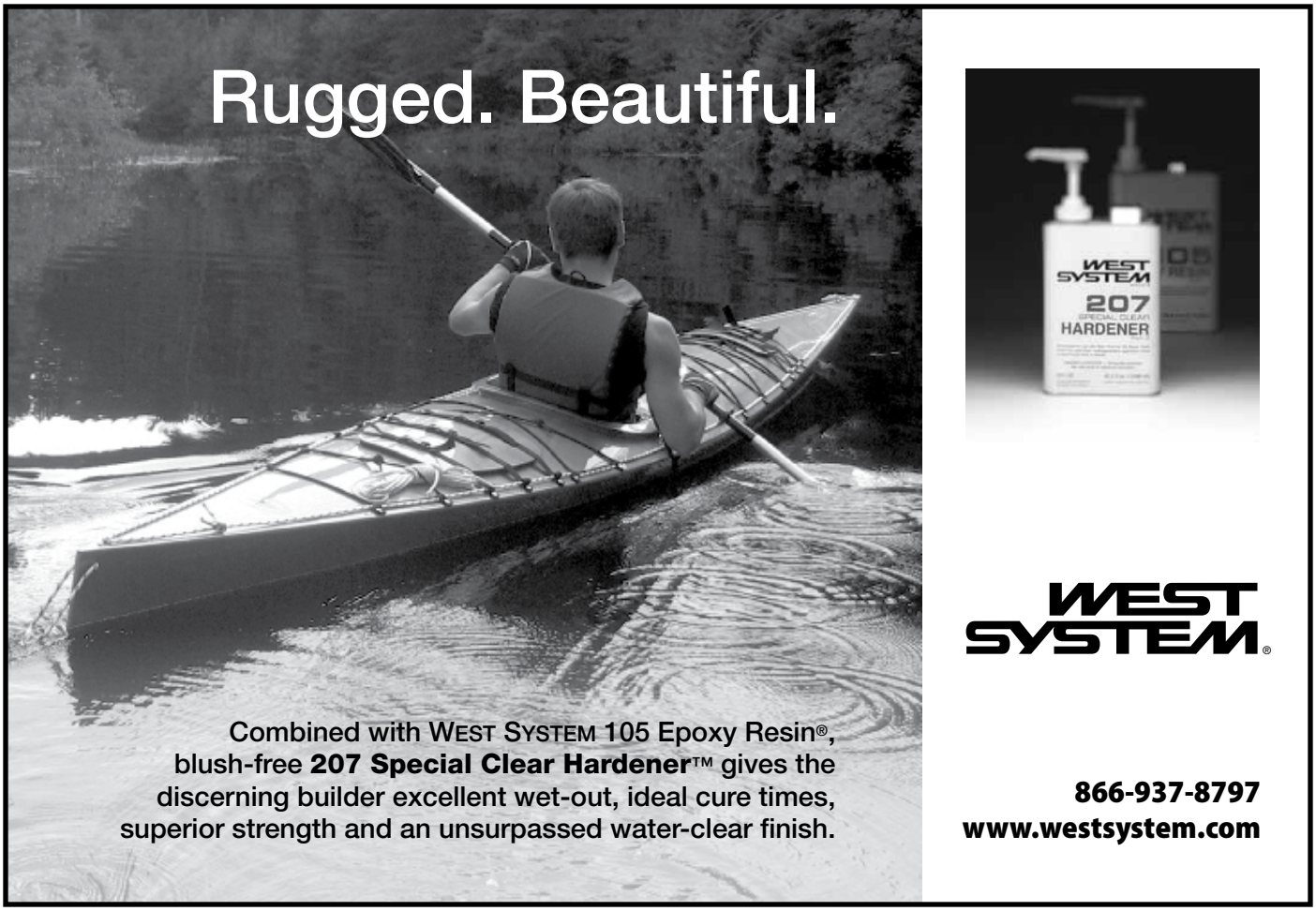
The wind picked up and we had a rollicking good sail on across the bay, back to the slipway at Mountbatten. I really loved sailing *Avel Dro*. She seems like a boat that can really get it done. We were tacking through the mooring field up against the tide and I got a good lesson in "tide adjusted leeway," where the direction we were pointed really had very little bearing in where we ended up! We arrived at the ramp with the water still too low to pull out the boats so we tied up to a nearby mooring ball and had lunch sitting in the rain for an hour as the tide came back up.

What a fine adventure this has been for this Utah Yankee sailing into the court of good King Edward, a fulfillment of a long time dream, which I hope to repeat repeatedly. Thanks to John L for coordinating the event. Thanks so much to Roger for letting me sail with him and teaching me the ropes of tidal sailing. Thanks to Alastair for being a great neighbor and showing me how sculling really should be done. Thanks to John and Josephine for sharing their home with me before and after the cruise, as well as shuttling me back and forth to the bus station. You all are welcome any time to come sail with me in the colonies.

(**Editor Comments:** If you have not yet looked into the DCA after all my urgings with the articles we reprint from their journal *Dinghy Cruising*, you can do so by going to dinghycruising.org.uk)

The Yuloh Sculling Oar

The Yuloh is a sculling oar developed by the Chinese for use on sampans. Its unique feature is in its curved or angled shaft that fits onto a pin that locates in a socket on the underside of its shaft, creating a pivot which allows the oar to swivel and rock from side to side. The weight of the oar, supplemented by a rope lashing, holds the oar in place on the pivot. The weight of the outboard portion of the oar is counterbalanced by a rope running from the underside of the handle to the deck of the boat. The sculler mainly moves the oar from side to side on its pivot, automatically angling the blade to create forward thrust. This method has been used for hundreds of years and some reports suggest that it may have provided the early inspiration for the screw propeller over the more common paddle wheel of the day.



Sailing from Juneau to Seattle

July 21 – September 21, 1987

By Dick Wagner
Founder Center for Wooden Boats

I took possession of the Phil Bolger 24' Black Skimmer *Porch* in Juneau in July. It was a cat mizzen rig with leeboards. I purchased food and took a practice sail on July 20. The boat gear was only three gallons of water, a propane stove, a compass, a barometer, a few galley implements, a bailer, a bucket for waste, a plastic windshield, an ice scraper, a few flares and a Seagull outboard motor, which I never used.

I brought some clothes, charts, tools, a current booklet and a log book. Also, a sleeping bag and a wind up alarm clock. And I bought a case of Juneau beer for my oldest lad, Mike.

The next morning I cast off on a warm summer day with a south breeze and tacked down Gastineau Channel to Taku Inlet. Taku Glacier was to the east. I figured heavy cold air would be rolling off the Taku so I prepared to ease the sheets. Instead, with no warning, a westerly gale hit me like a sledgehammer. The boat heeled about 45º before I could switch the sheets but she held at that angle with no water coming aboard on the lee side. That was my first lesson in the stability of *Porch*.

The storm soon quieted down and I decided to head into Taku Bay for a rest. I coasted up to the outlet of a glacial stream, anchored and checked rigging and interior contents. There was no damage and no water aboard. I took a drink from a bottle of 150 proof rum that Horace Ingram had given me for the passage. Horace was CWB's volunteer Livery Manager. The rum burned like a flame in my guts. I felt there was no reason to drink alcohol on the first day of a long ride in mostly unknown territory. I never opened the rum after that. I made my supper and watched the eagles and bears fishing on the delta.

The daylight never ended. It was calm in the water and I waited until about 10am for some wind. That became a fairly common phenomenon. I logged in the barometer at 8am and 8pm daily and it gave me all the help I needed in deciding how the weather would be and what target I should aim for at day's end.

I was now in the wide and deep Stephens Passage, taking long tacks. The mizzen and main balanced the boat so I had time to read. I anchored at day's end in Holcomb Inlet. The next day was similar but I saw some icebergs to the east. Going on a starboard tack, I was on a collision course with them but I was about five miles away. My main attention was the book, so I looked up periodically and found plenty of space. On the next look, about 30 minutes had passed, I saw only open sea. Then I looked back and there was my wake that showed I had passed through the arch of one of the bergs! That was my second lesson, be always alert, 360º, when sailing. I anchored in Hobart Bay,

The next day I sailed on Frederick Sound, in the company of more bergs and, some whales, with a nice north wind. I anchored in the estuary of a stream on Kupreanof Island. Woke up in a fog and with little wind. I planned to reach Petersburg where I could call my wife and CWB and get more water. The current was carrying me to Petersburg. I steered just off the kelp and, in the evening, made fast to a float.

The next session was to go south on Wrangel Narrows, 20 miles long and about 20 yards wide. I checked the current and figured I could make it with no stops with south flowing wind and current. It worked. The weather was practically tropical and it appeared mine was the only boat on the Narrows. Wrong. Just about halfway down a tourist liner was coming toward me. I left the cockpit and pulled on my shorts just before we passed and all the passengers on the starboard of the cruise ship yelled "'Hi!" across the roughly 5' of separation. That night I anchored in an inlet off the southern tip of the Narrows.

The northerly was blowing the next day until noon and then dialed to a southerly. Nice feeling in both winds but I had to switch the leeboard on windward passages. I was getting in better shape every day. One can develop hard abdominals when yanking up the leeboard at every tack.

End of the day and end of the wind. I coasted into the lee of Guard Island off Cleveland Peninsula, protected from the south wind I had had all afternoon. I dropped anchor, furled sails and went below for a nice supper and a good rest. Just as I began cooking, the boat started rocking. It was the north wind. I hopped out, raised the sails, brought in the anchor and set a course to Ketchikan, down Clarence Strait. I had no navigation lights so when I saw another boat, I shone my flashlight on it.

About eight hours later I anchored off the north end of Ketchikan, dropped the main and sheeted in the mizzen. I awoke to a pretty morning, cleaned up the boat and found a float with room to moor.

After my phone calls and a bit of food shopping, I left for Canada with a fair wind. By afternoon I was beating until dusk when I found a cozy little island near the entrance to Portland Canal, the US/Canada border, and I anchored on the north (lee) side. The mooring showed me a beach made of mounds of shells. I crossed the mouth of Portland Canal to the east and the heavy Pacific currents of Dixon Entrance to the west and anchored in Port Simpson, Canada. Spent the next day at anchor in the quiet bay and wrote letters,

The following day I left with a flaky south wind, taking short tacks on the east side to keep out of the swells of Dixon Entrance. Toward dark I realized I couldn't reach a good harbor so I scouted the small islands to the east and found what looked like a tiny but safe hole. I coasted in, loosened the mainsheet, went forward to drop the hook and saw a white shark about the length of the boat alongside. Up came the anchor, up went the mainsail and, with only a breath of wind, I sailed out without mister shark following. And, with the last of the wind, I made anchor on the northeast side of a very small island.

The next morning I sailed down Venn Passage into Prince Rupert, BC, to report my entrance into Canada. The waterfront was filled with fishing boats. There was a yacht club with an open spot so I slipped in and went to the clubhouse for permission to stay a night. I was told that the manager was next door having lunch. The manager heartily welcomed me and said I could keep *Porch* there overnight and I could use his apartment in the clubhouse for a bath. He also called the Customs person to check me in. He came aboard and shuffled the cabin to see what was being imported. He found one apple in a locker and said I couldn't bring it in. I said, "I eat an apple a day." He threw it to me and said, "Welcome to Canada."

That evening the manager and I went out for dinner. I asked if there were any white sharks around and he answered that fishermen had been spotting one in the nearby waters.

Prince Rupert and the Prince Rupert Rowing Club began as a place the loggers and fishermen took their sweethearts on a row and lunch in the club rowing boats. Leaving Prince Rupert, I spotted an oar floating and picked it up. No signs of ownership so I felt I could use it for sculling *Porch* when I ran out of wind. I anchored that evening off the south side of an island at the head of Grenville Channel.

The wind was my friend the next day. Up went the mizzen, main and anchor and off we flew on a northeast wind down the 45 mile channel. About halfway down the mizzen sprit bent and broke in half. I actually didn't need it on the run so I stowed the sail, the next morning I converted the oar to become the sprit.

I sailed leisurely along the east shore of Princess Royal Island in three days in the sheltered canal, seeing nothing but steep rock shorelines and forests on the steep hillsides with waterfalls. I stopped at Butedale, an evacuated fish processing plant. A waterfall powered a wheel that ran the turbine that made the electricity for the facilities of Butedale. I filled my jugs there and carried on until I found anchorage in another safe harbor, Cougar Bay. The water was the clearest I ever saw. There was no human habitation in sight from Grenville Channel to Cougar Bay.

I pulled up the anchor the next morning and sailed into Klemtu Bay, a native town. I made my phone calls at one end of the Klemtu boardwalk and entered a grocery store at the other end. Although the store had sacks of wheat, sugar, rice and beans, I wasn't interested. But the entry experience made me come back and look again. The entry had a display of high level baking, cakes, cookies, bread, muffins and croissants. The young native man admitted that he was the baker. His story was that his Tlingit Tribe sent him back east to learn cooking. He apprenticed in Montreal where he learned baking and French cuisine. I left with a sack of choice baked goodies and took another breathtaking route, Jackson Passage, and anchored off Dowager Island.

The next morning I crossed Milbank Sound which was rough water of hills and valleys. A couple of sailing yachts more than twice my boat's size also were crossing but their sails were furled and they smashed through on engine power. My ride was smoother (never a drop on deck) and only a slightly slower passage. I anchored that night off the south side of Ivory Island and the native town of Bella Bella.

I anchored across from the village but after sunset the wind picked up so I raised sail and anchor and sailed to the protected floats of Bella Bella. A bunch of kids in the tribal hospital cheered me for landing under sail.

Leaving Bella Bella, I was planning how to deal with crossing the wild Queen Charlotte Sound. In three days I arrived at Safety Cove, Calvert Island. In between Bella Bella and Calvert Island I crossed Fit-

zhugh Sound and visited Namu, a logging town. It stormed when I arrived so I stayed another day to rest up.

My plan for crossing Queen Charlotte Sound was to stay on the east side where I could find refuge in a westerly storm. It turned out to be enough wind to keep moving as I slipped past Rivers Inlet and anchored off the lee side of a small island in Smith Inlet.

Next day was more flat water and light wind that took me and a humpback whale to a cozy hole in Slingsby Channel, south of Cape Caution. No kidding, the whale kept ahead of me from anchorage to anchorage. I was now in the entrance of Queen Charlotte Strait with little danger from the Pacific currents and swells.

When I left Safety Cove on Calvert Island, I had noticed that morning began with a fog that lifted about 10am. I should have mentioned the wind up alarm clock story. I felt the need of an alarm to wake me up on current change time. The damn clock's alarm didn't work but I quickly learned, by instinct, when it was time to get up. I still had my cheap wristwatch.

Back to Smith Inlet. It was time for phone calls and some stores. My next destination would be Port Hardy, just a short hop southeast across Queen Charlotte Strait. Next morning the fog was hanging in as usual and the wind was light. At 10am the fog was still there so I plotted a course. The challenge was that sailing by compass, and even correcting for current, there would be rocks sticking up about halfway across. Since the wind was light I figured the fog would lift by the time I was near the rocks, so up came the anchor.

There was no foghorn aboard so I brought two pots on deck to substitute for a horn. I heard no other vessels. I was moving about three knots at about the time I needed to see the rocks. I started to give myself a lecture on poor sailing when I heard seals barking. Voila! Seals don't bark when swimming so I had heard seals on land (so to speak). In a few seconds I saw the rocks and the seals and I slipped past. The fog didn't lift until early pm. I arrived in Port Hardy before dark and tied up on a fishing float.

Next day at the store I spotted Captain Guyere of the power cruiser *Lotus*. He was just on his way home to Olympia after a long transit in Southeast Alaska. I mentioned the fog yesterday and he said it was tricky for him because he couldn't see the rocks until he was almost touching them. I asked the time and it was exactly the same time as my encounter with the rocks. I asked if he was sounding a foghorn and he said yes. I was "sounding" the pots. We hadn't heard or seen each other.

I left Port Hardy the next morning, followed by the *Lotus*, they tossed me a package of fresh caught halibut and a bottle of beer. I anchored in a little cove on the southwest corner of Malcolm Island and had my dinner of halibut and beer (the only other time I had some alcohol).

I now was in territory where I had been before. My plan for the next stop would be Robson Bight at Vancouver Island. No one is allowed to anchor there because it is a summer home for Orcas. My plan was to glide in after dark. When I dropped anchor it was a still, warm night. I stayed in the cockpit and watched a parade of sail like fins passing within arm's reach along the port side. After I counted 100, I went below and tucked into my sleeping bag. I left at dawn when no one was around and proceeded down Johnstone Strait, staying close to Vancouver Island. Past West Cracroft Island, Broken Group Islands, Port Neville, Sunderland Channel to Kelsey Bay for phone call and supplies. I tied to a float.

Kelsey Bay is the mouth of the Kelsey River. When the tide rises, the river flow battles with the incoming tide, making it a tough job to handle a boat there. This is a warning. Coming into the bay, I lost steerage and the skeg hit a piling as I was making a turn. The first accident on good old *Porch*.

My next problem was Seymour Narrows. Kelsey Bay can be nasty, Seymour Narrows can be totally destructive. A lot of water rushes in and out. If you don't count on a fast passage at low tide or high tide, you are taking a chance with your boat and your life. I went over the tide tables and mapped a plan. If the northwest wind continued, I would sail down to Elk Bay. I would get up early and make the north entry of Seymour Narrows as the current was going north. I would tie up at a marina my chart showed. When the tide changed, I would cast off and, with wind and current, I would zip through the Narrows.

I left Elk Bay at the right time but tying up at the marina was not possible because there was no marina there. I sailed back and forth for hours, waiting for the right time to charge through. When the right time came, the wind had dropped. With my fingers and toes crossed I went forth. I first tacked to the west side, hoping to pick up a counterflow. Not possible. I sailed east and, sure enough, got on a strip that sent me south at hull speed. Later, I tied up at a marina on Campbell River, leaving those whirlpools of death behind.

The reason I was hurrying up and taking the most direct route was my promise to my wife, Colleen. She and our two sons were to meet me at Nanaimo and spend a few days camping before the kids went back to school. The day I got to Campbell River was the day I had planned to be in Nanaimo. The next day I left *Porch* in the marina and took a bus to Nanaimo. We met and drove to a camping spot. After six days Colleen and the kids went home and I took a bus back to Campbell River.

Summer lasted past the first of September. The sun was with me, but not the wind. I made several anchorages between Comox and Denman Island, letting the boat be carried south on southerly currents. I made about ten miles a day for three days. Then a storm came up and I anchored on the west side of Denman for two days.

The sun came again and also a reasonable northwest wind. I sailed to Lasqueti Island on one broad reach and rounded up at Olsen Island on False Bay. I owned Olsen Island and decided to use it to do my last inspection of *Porch* before I reached home. On high tide I beached the boat and at low tide I repaired the skeg damage from my Kelsey Bay event and used the ice scraper to shave off the barnacles on the chine.

When the tide came in, I floated *Porch* off and anchored off Olsen. I stripped down and, scraper in hand, dove in to scrape the bottom. The water was colder than I expected but I had a mission, to clean off the underside, so I popped up for air about every minute. Finally the bottom was smooth and I hauled myself back aboard. The sun was still shining when I toweled down but I started to shiver from head to toe. I realized I had the dreaded hypotherrnia. I was in big trouble. No radio, no boats in sight, no people ashore. There was no place or person to turn to for help.

The Center for Wooden Boats

www.cwb.org

In the summer of 1957, Dick Wagner was walking across Seattle's Fre mont Bridge and noticed a man struggling to install a mast on his boat at the marina below. Dick stopped to help. Little did Dick know that that moment would start a journey that built one of Seattle's most beloved maritime heritage organization and a national leader in traditional boat education for people of all ages.

About ten years later Dick and his wife Colleen were out to dinner. That night Colleen had two things on her mind, their soon to be born child and what to do with the growing collection of small boats tied up around their houseboat under the Aurora Bridge. Both caught Dick by surprise.

In 1968 the Wagners began renting boats from their floating home. After a decade of growing popularity for their rental operation, the Wagners along with their patrons, who quickly grew to become close friends, decided to start a "living museum." Their growing collection of traditional wooden craft led to the establishment of The Center for Wooden Boats. They believed that the purpose of their collection was education and that the most effective means of education was direct experience. CWB became a hands on maritime museum where the exhibits were put in the water and the public was encouraged to use them.

All of CWB's programs and events are designed to provide public benefit. There is no admission fee to stroll the docks, enter the buildings, look at the displays, learn from interpretive materials, take rides in historic vessels or enroll in heritage skills workshops. There are scholarships available for every youth program, and adult volunteers earn one hour of free boat use for each three hours volunteered.

So pick up an oar and go for a row. Enroll in a workshop and open your mind to the skills and experiences enjoyed by mariners throughout the centuries. Pick up a tool and caulk a seam or fasten a plank. You're bound to find something that catches your attention when you're on our docks or in our boats. We hope you'll join us in reconnecting with the physical world and preserving traditions and skills that have survived through the ages.

You're in for a treat. Welcome aboard. CWB has become an artifact in its own right, a place where history is simultaneously experienced and written through visitor engagement

I got below, put on all my warm clothes and climbed into my down sleeping bag. That was difficult because I was shivering like a leaf in a hurricane. I vaguely remembered I needed to put something warm inside me. With yet more difficulty, I opened a can of soup, put it in a pan and lit the stove. It seemed to take a frighteningly long time to spoon the soup into my mouth. Inside me, it felt like a flamethrower meeting a glacier in my chest. I finished the soup and must have fallen asleep but not before I pictured the most important people in my world, Colleen and our sons, and said goodbye in my mind.

I awoke with a bright ray of sunlight on my face. I thought that I had died and was in the afterlife. Then I looked around and realized I was still on the boat, therefore I was still alive and should get up, get clothed and make my breakfast. That was the best day of the trip. What could be better than escaping death?

The next phase was a fast run past Nanaimo, through Dodd Narrows to anchoring off Wallace Island. With the weather still kind, I took a run through the rest of the Gulf Islands and anchored in Oak Bay, Victoria.

The next day was another uneventful sail into the upper bay at Port Townsend. I called home for the last time and asked CWB to send a boat outside the Ballard Locks at about 5pm to tow me through the locks and ship canal to CWB. I left Port Townsend with the south flowing tide and northwest wind. It was September 21, exactly two months since I had left Juneau. I arrived about 4pm and sailed in circles until Marty Loken and his wife came out aboard their Lake Union Dreamboat, *Mer-Na*. We rafted up and I stepped aboard for the trip's end.

There was a gang of CWB staff and volunteers waiting to welcome me home. It was a great party. I felt great about being home again. Colleen and the boys were there and I handed over the untouched box of Juneau beer to Mike.

The next morning I went over early to CWB to go over letters and messages that had come for me while I was gone. I had to sit outside the Boatshop until a staff person came. It had been just over two months since I had had to carry a key ring and I had forgotten to bring my key.

Postscript: I loved the Black Skimmer and sent a thank you to Phil Bolger. I told him that *Porch* gave me everything I wanted for a single handed 55 year old skipper. Phil was pleased to know she served me so well.

Why I Love Boats

Part 2
Lessons Learned

By Malcolm Fifer

The First Lesson – Peanuts

My first live experience of aqueous transportation was a voyage from England to the US on the Cunard Liner *Queen Mary*. As I was six years old at the time I remember little about it except the fierce storm and my attendant seasickness. The experience of salted peanuts making the return journey up the alimentary canal has always lingered in my memory and the recollection of an obstinate nut lodged in my left nostril haunts me even today.

The Second Lesson – Swabbing

The following year found the family renting a "luxury cabin cruiser" on the River Thames. Father would never spend a pound if he could spend a shilling so our particular "luxury cruiser" was neither luxurious nor did it cruise. It was cramped, noisy and chugged slowly through the murky water while treating the jolly crew to the delicate aroma of diesel fuel. The joys of the vacation were further tempered by the vision of gleaming marvels shooting past us with happy couples languishing on their well oiled decks whilst sipping chilled beverages.

Having read that pirates indulge in a fascinating activity known as "swabbing the decks," I determined to try this out. Armed with mop and bucket I clambered to the cabin top and commenced swabbing. Whether life jackets had yet to be invented or their potential use was unknown to our party I know not, which is a pity because I would certainly have benefitted from one when I slipped on the recently swabbed deck and shot headfirst into the muddy water. I should explain that at this point in my life I had yet to master the art of swimming so I had the opportunity to explore the bottom of the river.

Fortunately my explorations were temporary as my brother, on hearing the wild cry followed by a loud splash, intelligently surmised that I was no longer aboard and dove through the galley window, banging his knees most thoroughly in the process. He eventually found me, brought me to the surface and, while supporting me with one hand and the mop with the other, swam back to the boat. At this point I was severely rebuked for my stupidity by Mother, who had predicted that the trip would be a disaster and I was the soggy proof. My brother subsequently told me that according to Japanese tradition he now owned me, having saved my life. I told him that if we ever went to Japan he could put this ownership into practice and buy me a steak dinner.

The Third Lesson – Leaping Frog

Some 40 years later I found myself living in the US with a new wife who loves to sail. We chartered a 45' Wauquiez out of St Martin accompanied by my brother in law and his wife. Neither of these good people could swim and the lady had such a powerful fear of water that she wore a life jacket the whole week, which made sleeping a challenge, but she was up for it.

On the first night we anchored in a quiet bay and settled down for the night. In the morning we were surprised to see about 20 other boats anchored close by. I decided to start the engine and motor out of the confined space so I asked brother in law to take the helm while my wife and I handled the anchor. I instructed him to "take it away" as soon as I gave the signal. Thanks to the excellent windlass the anchor was soon aboard, I gave him the signal and he opened her up to full speed ahead but failed to realize the importance of steering for open water.

My first hint of a problem was to hear a torrent of French foul language and on looking up I witnessed a naked Frenchman jumping up and down, waving his arms and hurling abuse at us. I confess to having some sympathy for his point of view as we were about to T-bone his 60' yacht at 8 knots. I raced back to the cockpit and swung the wheel hard over, the boat immediately responded and we missed our target by about 3". The one feature of the event that sticks most vividly in my mind is the discovery that when naked Frenchmen jump up and down not all the parts move in unison.

The Fourth Lesson – Lobster

Some two days later we arrived in Anguilla and set out to walk down the main street. In the absence of a restaurant the ladies of the town would tempt us into their homes by displaying various culinary delights on wooden tables set up outside. We were immune to their blandishments as we had received a hot tip that "Joan" was the best cook on the island. We finally located the good lady and discovered that her circumference was powerful advertising for her cooking.

As we entered Joan's small house I noticed two medium sized lobsters on the table. The front room was set up with four small tables and we took our seats. I confess that I am a cat lover, which is fortunate as there were about ten of them sitting around hoping to befriend us. The menu was handwritten on a piece of card that may have been white at some time in the past, and I chose lobster while my companions opted for BBQ ribs. Joan asked me if I wanted the $10 lobster or the $20 lobster, not wishing to appear tight fisted I selected the latter.

In the fullness of time the food arrived, it certainly lived up to our expectations and the cats were eager for their share of the feast. Halfway through the meal I glanced over at my wife's plate and asked her what kind of animal she thought the ribs had belonged. She replied, "a cow." I pointed out that, although I was not an osteopathologist, it appeared to me that, based on the size of the ribs, the cow that had so kindly donated them for consumption would probably have been about 10" tall, no doubt a unique species found only on Anguilla.

This revelation initiated a debate about the nature of the beast and the ladies developed an entirely unreasonable supposition that this cow hadn't mooed but meowed. However, the lobster was excellent. I now come to the point of the story, namely that I learnt more that evening about marketing from Joan than ten Harvard MBAs could teach me. As I was leaving I glanced down at the table and now there was only one medium sized lobster, as presumably I had eaten the other, and it dawned on me that the only difference between the $10 and the $20 lobster was not the size but the price!
Now I know why I love boats, they improve one's education.

Simone Lemay

By Johnny Mack

A few issues ago Dan Rogers wrote an editorial about the good old days when young folks wanted to go boating instead of the current trend of texting and a day at the mall. I thought he was dead on and it made me think of my first boating experience when I was a young sprite fresh out of the fifth grade. It was a time long ago and, aside from a lawn mowing job, I spent my summer bracing to make a go of it at junior high. My mind was elsewhere though. Even at that tender age I knew I wanted to be on the water as I had some canoe experience on Lake Champlain that I very much enjoyed in a previous summer excursion to Camp Abnaki (YMCA). And I knew I had a snowball's chance of it happening.

I pined to explore the far reaches of our global waterways, something adventurous that required the speed and seaworthiness that only those day's sleek powerboats could offer. But there was no hope in sight for me to summer on the water as my folks weren't the least bit moved by my pleas.

So there I was, a sulking landlubber with no hope of getting seasick or caught in a violent storm, and out of the blue I was saved by an unlikely source. My soon to be boating connection drove into our driveway to show off a new boat as if sent by heaven. Who had that beautiful powerboat that I might weasel a ride in? Was it a powerful businessman, a famous sports figure or a burly outdoorsman. Oh no, AAAArrrgh! This possible connection to the boating world I craved was, yikes, my mother's friend and hairdresser, Simone Lemay of Montpelier fame. That's right, my only hope of going boating was with… a… a... a… gosh darned woman!

Simone was actually thoroughly cool and, although I was too young to think of it in such worldly terms, she was a woman ahead of her time. She had the confidence to do what others only dreamed about and bought a very nice 16' Starcraft fiberglass fishing/cruising/sport boat. It was her boat in the driveway and she came to show it off to us. Through my eyes it was the most seaworthy looking, beautiful craft ever and I was certain I would look good in it.

I checked it right out and found it had back to back seats that pulled out into a chaise lounge of sorts and a closed bow that was big enough for me to climb right in. That Starcraft also had a bimini top that snapped to the one piece curved windshield to form a reasonably effective rain cabin. Simone loaded her up with accessories of which a boarding ladder did not escape my eyes. My initial thought was it looked like a pretty good way to jump out of the boat to go for a swim on a hot day and I was not to be proved wrong.

The prime mover was an impressive looking 28hp Evinrude that had a cowling as big as a house. It proved itself to be a machine that worked flawlessly and never let us down. I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if it is still on the back of someone's junker, I mean treasure, and the owner is complaining he would like a new four stroke but the 'rude runs so good he would be afraid anything else would be a downhill move.

I think now that the motor was a perfect size for a fishing boat, but of course to my young eyes I craved more power. Instead of running a half mile to a fishing hole, I wanted to circumnavigate the world or at least get out of Shelburne Bay and explore the greater reaches of Lake Champlain. At any rate, I had an instant love affair with that boat. Of course, it could have been a trolling motor on an inflatable and I would have thought no less of it as long as it would get me on the water and take me farther and faster than anything I could do with a paddle.

Simone was absolutely a very generous and first class person. What started as a whim ended up with her taking me on almost weekly fishing ventures, of which the most coveted were to Shelburne Bay. I have to say I was a little self conscious of having my boating and fishing connection to be my mother's hairdresser, but it was either get over it or don't go.

I got over it in about a tenth of a second and was I ever glad I did. In addition to the great appreciation I had for her inviting me along, I developed instant respect for her boating and fishing skills and was enormously proud to earn the rank of Helmsman and Chief Net Minder on her boat.

That's right. After a few outings and what must have been a heck of a sales pitch, I joined the elite and was cleared to start the motor and drive the boat away from the dock! When she finally relented, I thought I had died and gone to heaven. I recall being very cautious and attentive as I didn't want to do anything that might cause my qualifications to be questioned or Heavens to Mergatroyd, have my helmsman privileges revoked.

Any trepidation I had of going fishing with a gosh darned woman was also over pretty quick as I soon learned that Simone was one hell of a fisherman. It was too bad that, back then, fishing almost seemed like a country activity compared to the yuppie big money affair it has become. I am sure if they had held today's sponsor rich tournaments she would have been a frequent winner of the Exceptional Category (Anything Big) and would have profited immensely from the monster purses that went along with them. I recall my being in total awe of her ability to land monster northerns and fat walleyes almost on command. To be Simone's net minder was no easy task.

She also knew what she was doing with a trailer. She towed the boat with what I think was a V8 Ford Galaxy. Although the visibility for backing must have been so so, she could still back that Starcraft down any ramp in the state, including the primitive crooked ones, first time every time, dead on, with her eyes closed, no problem. She could even back the boat into the garage where she stored it. That would give anyone fits as it had no windows so it was pitch black, had just inches to spare on each side and the drive leading up to it had the compound obstacles of both a dogleg corner and a slight uphill lip. I recall her saying she really enjoyed it when she could see the old time fisherman's jaws drop when they saw her nail the ramp. It must have been a terrible situation for them as they were expecting to have a good laugh and instead got a lesson.

It was good they were well behaved though. I think they knew better than to even think of dissing Simone in my presence. I believe I made it quite clear that any inappropriate comment and they would immediately get a combination attack of a George the Animal Steel "CLAW," a Shillelagh Shellacking, an El Cabong Guitar Chomp and a brutal attack about their head and shoulders from a "Beaver Chawed Cudgstick" (which is exactly as it sounds). And if you don't know, these were all physical apprehension and submission techniques that myself and my fellow geniuses of the fifth/sixth grade all deemed to be the most painful moves in the world and would be infinitely more unpleasant than a mere common ordinary garden variety pounding.

So there I was, reeling in, ah er, netting fish with teeth left and right, all while driving a console operated powerboat with a windshield. Sounds pretty good, doesn't it? But wait, there's more. Simone was also a gourmet cook. And let me tell you she knew how to make a world class sandwich! Picnicking in a boat on Lake Champlain, balancing one of those great sandwiches between fish rod and net, took life to the next level as they say.

So in addition to boating and fishing, I ate extremely well. I found it hard to complain about any of that! As I mentioned, I started out being a little concerned about the damage to my image of having a woman take me fishing would cause, but in short order I felt sorry for my peers who had to go with lesser skilled people. It never dawned on me that if the truth be known she might actually not have been overjoyed in dragging along a young whippersnapper such as myself! But she did and I will always remember those times and thank God she put up with taking me with her.

I generally thought those outings were an ideal time of my life and all too soon Simone moved to Florida where she became a personal chef and I had the rigors of the sixth grade to contend with. We lost touch but I still think of our adventures from time to time. I think she was a fisherman first and just looked at the boat as a means to get to where the lunkers hid. But to me, I loved the boating almost more than the fishing and the sandwiches, if that was possible. At any rate, I just wanted to tip my hat to Simone Lemay in *Messing About in Boats* for her boating acumen, generosity in taking me with her and for having the guts to give boating a try while others just dreamed about it.

Of course, it was a different time but I can't help but feel it would have been a terrible trade to pass up fishing with Simone for texting and a trip to the mall! Of course, we didn't have those diversions back then but we had pinball machines which, when all is said and done, seem to have the same life experience value.

2015 Wilderness Trip

A Return to Debsco

By Steve Lapey
Photos by Steve Lapey and David Dumas

On May 21 the wheels started turning early for our trip to Millinocket, Maine, for our Debsconeag Lakes loop trip in the Maine North Woods. I left home with two canoes loaded on the trailer to meet Dave Dumas in Gray, Maine, where we transferred the canoes to his truck for the rest of the journey to Millinocket where we would start the trip. The last time we visited these lakes was in 2010.

We were joined by Alan Doty along the way and arrived at the Spencer Cove put in just in time for a quick lunch before launching for the paddle to the Moose Island camp site in Pemadumcook Lake. As usual, the winds on the big lake were right in our faces, locals at the boat ramp advised us to use caution but we figured we would give it a try. If the winds were too strong and the lake too rough we did have a "Plan B" that would have made it easier.

Canoes at the Spencer Cove put in. Alan Doty's 16' Prospector stripper, a Stevens Canoe Works 16' foot trip canoe and a 15' Chestnut Chum.

I guess I will call the conditions on the lake borderline. Just a bit more wind and I would have called for a change in plans, but we forged ahead and after almost five hours of steady paddling we arrived at the Moose Island site. Tents went up quickly and by the time dinner was finished everyone was out of energy, except for Abbie the dog, she was ready to play after riding in the canoe all afternoon.

Alan Doty preparing his dinner at Moose Island.

Friday morning dawned clear and cold, 39º, so we dressed for the conditions and got an early start for a full day of canoe tripping. A short paddle to the end of Pemadumcook brought us to the portage to the Third Debsconeag Lake. This was the longest portage of the trip, it is a one mile hike on a dirt road. The elevation change in the first half is uphill 128' and the second half is downhill 55'. We managed to get the canoes and gear up and over in two trips which totaled three miles of walking.

Dave Dumas taking a break at the end of the one mile portage.

Abbie was hot and tired at the end of the portage so she decided to go for a swim to cool down, before taking her backpack off. Fortunately her dog food was well sealed in zip lock bags and stayed dry! Abbie has to carry her share of the load if she wants to come on these trips, she never complains.

The Third Debsconeag Lake is one of the prettiest in Maine. The view of Mt Katahdin to the east is just stunning and the lake is almost deserted. There are five camps on the lake but one would be hard pressed to even see most of them, they are small and buried in the woods. We were told by one of the camp owners that the lake is 265' deep in one spot.

The second portage of the day was the shortest, just over a quarter mile, but the rocky terrain made it the most difficult. Again we had it done in two trips and found ourselves on the Second Debsconeag Lake with just a short paddle to the trail leading to the First Debsconeag Lake.

This third portage was about a three quarter mile hike. The Nature Conservatory manages the land in this area. They have improved the trail and constructed four or five boardwalks over some boggy areas. Without the boardwalks this would have been an unpleasant hike at best.

Arriving at the First Debsconeag Lake our plan had been to paddle to the far end and set up camp at a site we had used in the past, but there was a large blue tarp set up at the site which let us know that it was taken. The map indicated that there was another site at the west end of the lake. Alan went ahead and around a point and let out a shout that he had found the site and that it was more than acceptable. A nice sandy beach, a good fire pit, a brand new picnic table, flat spots for a couple of tents and a nice outhouse. What could be better? We landed and set up camp where we would be for two nights.

Saturday turned into a day of rest. The plan had been to do a day trip down the lake to hike to the ice caves, however, the winds were howling at gale force, we would have gotten to the ice caves easily enough but getting back would have been another thing. The morning was quite chilly, for a while we had sunshine, then every little while it would cloud over and we would get light snow showers. Maine weather in May can only be described as unpredictable.

David got out the reflector oven and we had blueberry cake at lunch time and after dinner we enjoyed a triple berry cake. Both were delicious, no one went to bed hungry.

Both Dave and Alan brought fishing gear with them and they made an attempt to catch something for dinner from the shore, but the fish refused to cooperate so it was back to freeze dried food for dinner.

Sunday morning brought warmer temps and sunshine and believe it or not the winds

Third Debsconeag Lake is one of the prettiest in Maine.

Canoes lined up for the second portage of the day.

Lots of firewood was needed to keep the reflector oven nice and hot. We ended up leaving a fair amount of the firewood that we cut for the next folks who will be using this site.

decided to swing around so they would be in our favor for the trip back to Spencer Cove. Today's trip was to be a paddle through the Debsconeag Deadwater and down the West Branch of the Penobscot River to Ambajejus Lake and into Spencer Cove for the take out.

Dave, Abbie, Steve and Alan getting ready for the final leg of the trip.

Up at 5am, we were launched and moving at 7am. It was a 1½ mile paddle the length of the lake to the outlet that leads to the Deadwater. Another mile or so brought us into the Penobscot River.

The trip down the Penobscot was uneventful, which is always a good thing. We had one short stretch of fast water that we managed to get through with no problem and then the one last portage of the trip, a quarter miler that should have been very easy around Passsamagamet Falls. We landed and offloaded and I started out first with the Chum on my shoulders. I didn't get 200' down the trail when I came upon a large white pine that had fallen and completely blocked the trail.

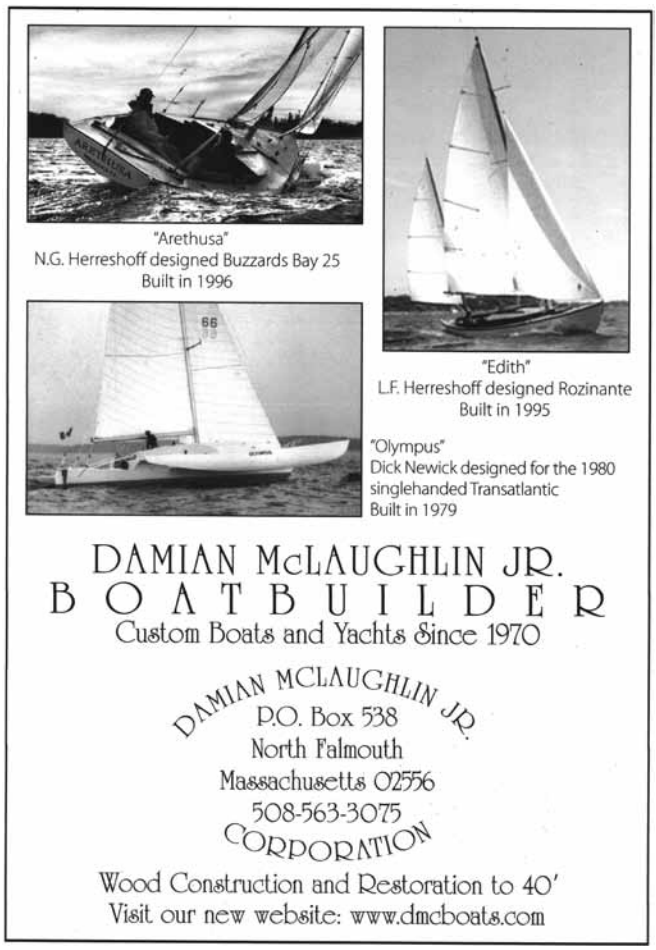
Dave and Alan came to the rescue with axes and with my small saw we managed to clear the trail so we could complete the portage. Apparently there have not been too many canoe trippers through this area yet this year. Those who follow will have it a little easier.

Mt Katahdin from the Penobscot River. This is the highest mountain in Maine and is the northern terminus of the Appalachian Trail.

Katahdin Air Service has a seaplane base at Spencer Cove. The Cessna 185s on floats were busy coming and going all morning.

Back on the Penobscot it was a quick ride to the bridge over Ambajejus Falls which at these water levels we could just ride down. At lower levels I think this becomes a carry point for people in wooden canoes and a bump and grind for those with Royalex.

Once we were out in Ambajejus Lake the wind kicked up again and sent us on our way. The big task was keeping the canoes straight with the following seas. Forward motion was taken care of by the wind. We landed at Spencer Cove at about 11:30am, loaded the gear and canoes and headed to town for lunch at the local Subway, a real treat after three days of trip food. Another Norumbega wilderness trip complete, well done.



Slocum River

By Randall Brubaker

August was passing, surprisingly fleet footed in the heat of summer's long days, sprinting away with the short boating season. I wanted to take some time off but was frustrated by the daily demands of rolling the stone up the hill, of toiling against the entropy of modern living, of trying to stay responsible and solvent when all I wanted was to play. Like most modestly self employed people, in theory I can take as much time off as I want, but the irony is that with no paid vacations, sick days or pension, I rarely schedule weeks off, trying to recreate around client demands.

Admittedly, I have poor time management skills, but I wonder how my fellow citizens are finding the leisure promised when we entered the digital era. Do others have to spin their wheels faster and faster to just get by in these pricey coastal cities? Heck if I know, but I recently read that 14th century serfs in medieval England took about a third of the year off for religious holidays and other festivals and with abundant ale to be had. Was this the key to the Renaissance? You be the judge.

At any rate, though I love my work, I must make sure to find time for activities that maintain physical, spiritual and mental fitness. It's great to enjoy a summer weekday on the water or on my bike, day tripping to some lovely part of coastal Massachusetts and avoiding the weekend crowds. Surely August on the coast and waterways of New England is as fine as any exotic corner of the world, at least to my parochial mind.

Sometimes, when checking over my work schedule, the weather forecast, tide charts and my physical complaints, a tipping point is reached and the stars align. I sweep an arm across the desk sending papers flying, coffee cup crashing and the day planner skittering out of the way. I arise, fists on hips, and with the commanding voice of a captain I announce, "Johnson, have the men prepare the boat. I believe I shall take to the water today." Well, something like that.

As a Somerville, Massachusetts (urban) small boater, I have to load the gear out of a second floor flat, drive to Medford, get the boat out of storage and then trailer it an hour or two to get to that special place I want to explore. I need a full, uninterrupted day.

One charming spot worthy of the effort is the Slocum River. Was this river named for the legendary sailor and navigator, Joshua Slocum, first to circumnavigate the world solo in 1895 and author of the classic, *Sailing Alone Around the World*? Yes it was, as he rebuilt an antiquated oyster boat in nearby Fairhaven for his epic voyage.

I haven't met any Bostonians so far who know of this "lost" Massachusetts tidal river, and I only discovered it while bike riding in the area. With careful probing of its shores, I found two rather informal launching sites.

Judging by the aloofness of the South Dartmouth residents, they wouldn't mind keeping this riparian gem undiscovered. They seem a little insular with their wealth and beautiful geography. The tranquil, classic towns and country of old Yankee money will not be confused with the nearby depressed mill towns like New Bedford and Fall River, two cities that, at the end of the 18th century, were among the richest on earth but have been in steady decline for the last 100 years.

This part of Massachusetts from roughly the western end of the Cape Cod Canal to Rhode Island is sometimes called the "South Coast," a relatively recent term reportedly popularized by a Boston TV weatherman in the '90s. I love this diverse and culturally rich area with its pristine beaches, gritty ports, productive farms and historical mill districts and villages.

If I had a spread in one of the areas still preserving its history and natural state, I'd probably also cop the elitist attitude of, "OK, I'm in! Now close and lock the gate behind me before the rabble can spoil it." I hasten to add, the local gentlefolk need not worry about this scenario, as with some of the most expensive farmland in the nation, this bobtail is only passing through, taking a picture and leaving a light footprint.

I decided to launch at the narrow headwaters in Russells Mills, just below the ancient mill dam. Historians note, "The story that Ralph Russell started an iron mill at Russells Mills in 1652 is erroneous in every particular, having no historic foundation." But they do agree the Russells were milling here through the 1700s.

I drove into the small park off Horseneck Road, with the intention to row the three or four miles to the ocean. Since my trailered boat needs a fairly high tide to launch at this shallow dirt "ramp," that would mean I'd have to make the return trip from the mouth at Buzzards Bay against an ebb tide. And, in fact, except at slack high water I would row against the tide while going down and returning. Unless my imagination failed me, this was the only way it could be done from this site with a trailered boat.

While my intention was to row, my policy for tidal waters was to hang the 2hp gas engine on the transom just in case ol' Cap'n Addlepate misunderestimates the situation. But this time I planned to try the quiet dignity of an electric trolling motor to ease the return. If my timing was right, I hoped to avoid a full running tide against me as the electric motor seemed kind of spindly. It's advertised to crank out "45lbs of thrust," whatever the heck that means.

If it's powerful torque we want at our command, burning fossil fuels is quick and dirty. But this river invites quietude and, well, the slower we go, the more we see. Patience can be found in being deeply receptive, but that would be spoiled by having noisy internal combustion or, for that matter, having to frantically windmill the oars against an underestimated tidal force as I've experienced before.

The way my Stornoway 12 sits on the trailer, the facts of life are that I have to get wet up to just below my fully loaded cargo shorts to wrestle it off the bunks. That's right at the Danger Zone, not just imperiling the cell phone, wallet, keys, etc, but if I slip I sure don't want to squelch around all day with my cotton short pants soaked in brackish water.

It is so not shipshape to have to splash around and then get rather physical to launch, but that's the deal. It involves backing the trailer in as far as I dare, stopping to change into flimsy surf shoes, then wading in to stand on the trailer so that I can lift the bow such that with some waggling and shoving, the stern begins to float off.

I just hope I don't "pop a wheelie," and no, I don't mean like in our youth when that meant to daringly gun the rear drive to go up on one wheel, I mean that I hope this old guy doesn't herniate a circular lumbar disc. The other worry of inflicting soft tissue injury is getting the big 12v marine battery, all 55lbs of latent electrons, up into the boat while it's still on the trailer. If I survive these awkward maneuvers, physically rowing is downright dreamy.

After loading enough gear into the boat to seemingly tackle the Amazon, I was at last outward bound, waterborne on my beautiful boat. It's not a particularly light or fast oar-driven vessel, yet feeling her graceful curves responding well to pulling the 8' spoon-bladed, clear spruce oars.

I shivered with delight as I spontaneously breathed in some deep lungfuls of sea air. This was not distraction from work and worry; this was being present. My senses began to recalibrate, feeling like my whole neurology was being soaked in high density nutrient. My olfactory nerves, deadened from the burnt fumes of the city, were enlivened by the organic smells of the river. In gentle zephyrs, the sound of a dog barking perhaps a mile or two distant carried across the stillness into hearing. Toto, I've got the feeling we're not in Metropolis anymore.

The Slocum River seems to be one of the few places about as close to Garden of Eden beautiful as we have left on our over developed and desecrated coast. I don't know why I'm always seeking the lonely places that are relatively unravaged by our hyper consuming society. On this serene water I can sense at the source of mysteries. Am I just taking my wounded spirit as far the hell away from people as I can? Am I trying to call my soul home from exile, or merely going to visit with it there? After all, we are a people in the evolutionary vanguard of witnessing the destruction of the natural world, with unknown consequences to our psyche and future. In the briefest moment of life on earth we shred the Darwinian fabric woven from countless millennia. We may come to regret thinking we are apart from nature and not of it.

I was soon in the company of birds of prey, diving osprey. As these majestic aviators lived mainly on fish, they would fold up and drop into the water with an ungainly smack. One splashed down maybe 20' off my stern. Then it took flight with a 5" fish flashing blue and silver in its powerful talons as it proceeded to gain altitude right off my port. My little Lumix camera was by my side but the moment was gone as I sat transfixed with oars in hand.

No matter, may as well just marvel at the display. I find it's nearly impossible to get meaningful photos of wildlife that would compare with the amazing pros and their sophisticated cameras. However, I do make a sport of maneuvering my handsome little handbuilt boat into some Kodak Moments.

A few kayakers joined me as we made our way downriver with the osprey, egrets, herons, kingfishers and red winged blackbirds. The riverside above the great marshes is surprisingly not overbuilt, with a smattering of homes with docks and nearby working farmland. The old Yankee homes were discreetly situated with flattering, harmonious landscaping, while the nouveau riche would clear cut, the better to show off the faux Doric columns. Such an arrangement would be better suited in South Florida.

About a third of the way to the ocean the river widened into a bay bordered by sprawling marsh with some interesting little islands.

High tide on the first island, looking upriver.

Second island. Crawling around on a two story boulder conveniently left here from the Laurentide ice sheath circa 10,000 years ago.

I landed on two of them to stretch out, explore and take photos. Have you noticed how with climate change (also called "global warming" by rational people who believe in science) virulent poison ivy is thriving everywhere? Between the ivy and deer ticks carrying Lyme disease, I really don't like any vegetation touching me, so no bushwhacking. Sad situation.

However, on the shoreline it was clear enough for me to do some limbering up with calisthenics and standing yoga poses, probably making a spectacle and offending the sensibilities of the locals. While I risk being identified as an eccentric (lucky guess!), I surely could not be as physical as I am at 62 without this regimen.

The broad estuary is navigable water for small sailboats and I saw some beautiful moored catboats and such. But no sailors were out today, only a power boat zooming around towing thrilled kids on an inflatable tube. I expect on the weekends there are a lot more power boaters plying these waters, aggravating grumpy old rowboat skippers.

At about the halfway mark, over on the east side of the river, there is a second launch site at the end of Gaffney Rd. This would be an ideal future spot to set up my boat for sailing. Since it can take me an hour and a half to rig the sails and launch (which is ridiculous and baffles the heck out of me), I might as well spend that time in spectacular scenery. I hope next season to truck down here and sail the estuary and maybe bust out into the Buzzard's Bay to view a bit of the coast from the briny.

I didn't quite make it all the way down to the ocean this foray, as a little worry crept in after the tide turned and began to gain force running out. I wondered what degree of difficulty this was going to present for my return. I fretted that if by the time I got back to the ramp there be enough water to load onto the trailer without splashing around in more ramp drama. Also, my arms were getting a little fatigued and I was curious how my Minn Kota RipTide 45, purchased used on craigslist, would push upriver against the current and early ebb tide.

Well, I was delighted to find the electric motor, making only a benign humming noise, took me upriver at a brisk walking speed to a ramp that still had plenty of water. Sweet! I could arrive home without completely burning out my arms from over doing the rowing, ready to go back to work the following day.

Only thing I regret is wimping out and not going out to count coup on Buzzard's Bay, as I was so close. As sports teams that fall short like to say, "We'll get 'em next season."

Upon reflection, one could ride a favorable tide round trip if aligned to go downriver on the falling tide and then kick back on the fine white sands at the mouth of the river, hangout at Demarest Lloyd Memorial State Park with its bathhouse and ice cream truck, wait for the tide to turn and then ride the flood back up to Russells Mills.

One could do that, but you won't find me hanging out on a beach. My redemption lies in moving, even if I'm the slowest thing out there, which I usually am.

The river narrows heading back to Russells Mills, to finally only about 40' across at the landing (not pictured). This is just one of the few places where I could land and do some trespassing.

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Paddling Past Pocahontas's People

By Jim Niederlehner

One of my favorite boat ramps for kayaking is Lester Manor on the Pamunkey River, approximately 25 miles east of Richmond, Virginia. This is a small Virginia DGIF ramp with limited parking. For motorboating this region, I recommend the larger Mattaponi River ramp at the town of West Point, 12 miles farther east.

Lester ramp.

Pocahontas Memorial.

The Pamunkey Museum.

Lester Manor ramp happens to be at the downstream end of the Pamunkey Indian Reservation. If you happen to drive toward the ramp on Route 633 "Powhatan Trail," be sure to stop by the reservation entrance to see if their museum is open (hours vary, recently Friday to Sunday only).

The Pamunkey tribe was the largest remnant of the great Powhatan confederation that the Jamestown colonists encountered in 1607. After losing two wars in 1622 and 1644 and suffering decimation from European diseases, the Pamunkey agreed to the Treaty of Middle Plantation in 1677. The treaty formally recognized the Pamunkey and Mattaponi reservations that are still occupied by Pocahontas's native American cousins today.

Since the treaty was between the eastern Virginia tribes and the British colony, the Commonwealth of Virginia honors the treaty obligations by holding the real estate in trust for tribal members. Each year the Pamunkey and Mattaponi pay tribute to the Governor of Virginia in the form of freshly killed game.

Members of the tribe are, of course, full citizens of the United States. However, there is a downside to living on the reservation. They have no real estate tax, but cannot get bank mortgages to build houses, the bank cannot repossess anything on the reservation in the event of nonpayment!

Pocahontas's father, Powhatan, is reputed to be buried in a burial mound on the Pamunkey reservation.

The river at Lester Manor generates a substantial current with the tidal cycle, so a trip has to be planned accordingly. The tidal difference is nearly five hours later than the Hampton Roads tide prediction. I recently noticed that an exact tide prediction for Lester Manor can be googled. Wait a minute, why do I want to deal with this modern technology when I'm trying to paddle back into the 17th century?

As we paddle upstream, the Indian reservation remains to starboard. Somewhere in there is a high quality clay deposit that has yielded famous pottery for many centuries. I would strongly suggest not poaching clay or anything else. Be advised, the Powhatan Indians traditionally treated captured enemies by flaying them alive with sharp oyster shells.

Oh yes, I need to mention that story about Pocahontas and Capt John Smith. When Capt Smith published his memoirs back in England, he claimed that Pocahontas saved his life by preventing him from being clubbed to death by Powhatan's warriors during a ceremony in early 1608. Modern historians think Smith was undergoing an initiation ritual and being adopted by Powhatan as an adopted son. Smith had shown himself to be a worthy warrior when he was captured in December 1607.

Another Englishman, George Cassen, was captured at the same time. The Powhatans were very disappointed in Cassen because he screamed constantly while being flayed to death with the aforementioned sharp oyster shells. A proper Powhatan warrior, if captured, was supposed to sing his victory song while being tortured to death!

If we make it upstream about four and a half miles from Lester Manor we will behold a low railroad bridge crossing the river. Ignoring the railroad bridge, the river looks

"King Powhatan commands C. Smith to be flayne, his daughter Pokahontas beggs his life…"
—Photo Credit Virginia Historical Society

quite wild and unspoiled here. However, we have just paddled into 19th century history. This railroad line supplied Union General McClellan's army when they tried to capture Richmond in 1862. The south shore of the river below the railroad bridge was known as White House Landing and it was briefly a very busy seaport supplying the 1862 Peninsula Campaign.

Railroad bridge.

Returning downstream from the railroad bridge we will be passing Whitehouse Plantation on our starboard beam. Ironically this property belonged to Mrs Robert. E. Lee (wife of the Confederate general) at the time of the 1862 invasion. Since Mrs Lee was a descendant of Gen George Washington's wife Martha, she appealed to Gen McClellan to spare the property of Gen Washington's descendants! Gen McClellan initially honored the request but the house was burned when the Union Army departed June 28, 1862.

All of the properties around Whitehouse Landing are privately occupied, and I appeal to *MAIB* readers to not step ashore without permission. Some years ago I lucked out and waved to a man mowing his lawn in the area where I thought the White House of the Pamunkey stood. Sure enough, he was residing at the site of the old White House property and he allowed me to photograph the ruins of an old foundation that had at least supported the post Civil War house.

If I understood my interviewees properly, much of the White House region on the south shore is currently US Government property. Apparently people residing on the historic properties lease the property. If we explore the dirt roads along the south shore, the Government ownership becomes obvious from the No Trespassing signs. Apparently, back in the woods is, or was, a Raytheon Corp facility that did pioneering research on "over the horizon radar." But forget this stuff, we came here to get back in touch with 17th century history, right? Besides, I would rather risk being flayed alive with sharp oyster shells on the north shore of the Pamunkey, then to have the US Government get angry at me on the south shore.

For those who would like to motorboat this region, I would recommend starting at the Mattaponi River ramp in the town of West Point, Virginia. Head downstream into the York River about ten statute miles and poke into Purtan Bay on the northeast shore of the York River. You have now arrived off the shore of the great Powhatan village of Werowocomoco. This is where the legendary Capt John Smith head bashing incident did (or didn't) take place. You can also explore the Werowocomoco region from Tanyard Landing ramp on the Poropotank River. This is another small ramp with limited parking, and Poropotank River is really a creek by Chesapeake Bay standards.

If you are motorboating (or kayaking on a really calm day) you can also approach Werowocomoco from Croaker Landing within York River State Park on the (mile wide) York River shore opposite Poropotank River. According to Dr Linwood Custalow, a 20th century Mattaponi author, the downstream part of York River State Park is where Pocahontas and her cousins would have landed by dugout canoe on her many trips from Werowocomoco to Jamestown. Pocahontas is credited with bringing food to the Jamestown settlers at times that they were threatened with starvation.

Werowocomoco was fairly recently rediscovered and documented by archaeologists. It is also a privately owned property. But don't worry, you can sense the spirits of Pocahontas's people from the water!

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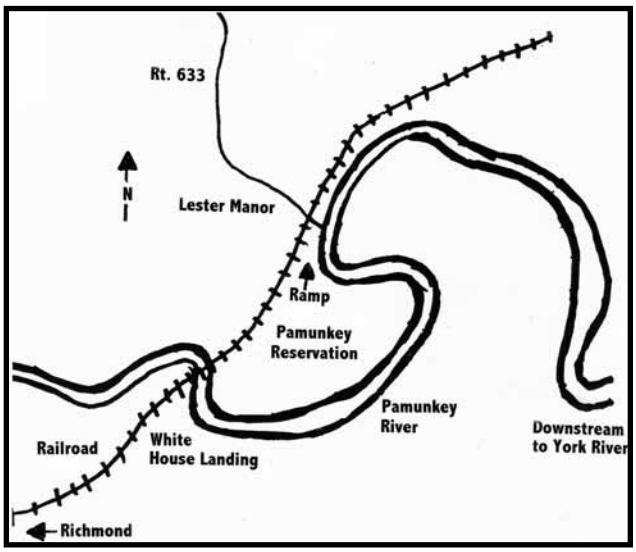
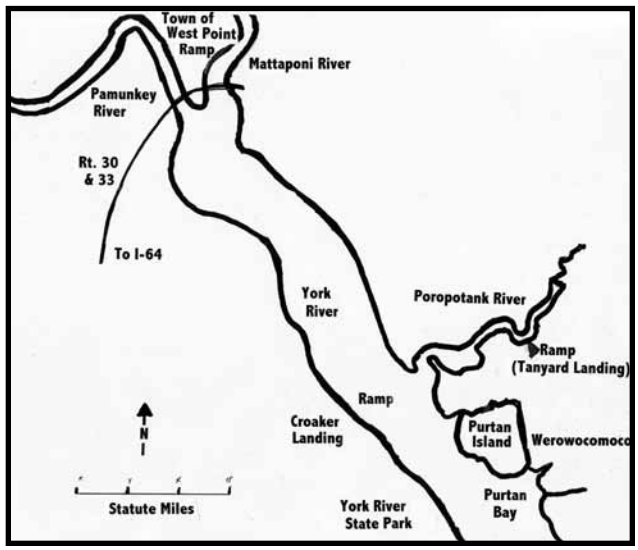
Pamunkey River map.



York River map.



An Afternoon on Plum Island Sound

By Bob Hicks

Thursday, June 18, was a glorious blue sky day to be out in the water, fortuitously for me as I had been invited to go sailing by a friend of many years in his Nimble 24 on nearby Plum Island Sound on our Massachusetts North Shore. That it was Thursday was most important for it meant that we had the vast tidal sound just about to ourselves. Once clear of the yacht club mooring field (with all of its idle boats parked while their owners were out in the working world trying to come up with what it took to be able to afford parking their boats there) we were totally in the clear. Just the broad expanse of water flooding the shallows on the top of the tide, surrounded on three sides by the green coastlines of the Plum Island great barrier beach and the inland side Great Salt Marsh bereft of human habitations (due to being a National Wildlife Preserve) greeted us as we fell off the mooring downwind on the fading incoming tide and headed north along the western shore of Plum Island urged on by a 10-15mph southeasterly.

Friend Richard is now retired and I, of course, lead a lazy life working for myself on this magazine. Our little four hour cruise would be working hours for me. Gotta get the story! Richard has been sailing since he was seven and has been a member of his yacht club for 30 of its now 75 years existence on Great Neck in Ipswich, overlooking the gut through which Plum Island Sound fills and empties on each turn of the tide.

This yacht club life has its perks and when I arrived at noon the parking lot held only a half dozen cars. Richard launches the Nimble the week before Memorial Day and hauls out the week after Labor Day. At the far end of the impressive new dock we were greeted by the dock crew, pretty much unoccupied on this quiet off day. A young summer job college kid fired up one of the two launches on the float and we rode out to Nimble in stately splendor. Cool.

Plum Island consists of three separate parts. North of the Plum Island Turnpike (a bit pretentious of a name, it's just a two lane road that runs straight across the salt marshes) from Newburyport, it is chock a block full of summer homes on dozens of little dead end "streets," the homes once just summer cabins but now many converted to year round living. Every year when we have coastal storms, nor'easters in winter, hurricanes in the fall, the open Atlantic (all the way to Portugal) gnaws away at the barrier dunes on top of which the oceanfront homes perch. Desperate efforts to forestall tumbling into the foaming seas are then carried out, not always successfully.

South of the "Turnpike" the Parker River National Wildlife Refuge takes over, except for a small bit at the southern end eight miles down a dirt road which one can drive after paying a $5/person admission fee. The opposite mainland shoreline also belongs to the refuge, effectively creating a really nice quasi wilderness environment. The whole place is a major stopover on the Northeast Flyway for migrating birds, so it attracts plenty of birders in appropriate seasons.

Richard's Nimble 24.

The southern tip belongs to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Sandy Point Reservation. In its time honored way of limiting public pressure on its properties, the DCR has limited parking and there is no parking along the eight miles of road to get there except at a couple of Refuge lots (smallish) along the way at birdwatching vantage points.

Prior to all this seashore being taken over by federal and state governments, there were cabins and camps (mostly for fishing for food) scattered along the Island, these were all booted out at takeover (eminent domain). I understand this sometimes took place over time, current inhabitants permitted to live on now on government land until time came to sell up, when the buildings were then razed. At Sandy Point an interesting alternative appears to have been adopted, the inhabitants moved offshore onto the protected (from the sea on the other side of the point) Sound onto shanty-boats moored adjacent to the beach. There's a busy colony there now seasonally, many now generations old in the same families.

Parker River mooring field ahead, we didn't go in.

But Richard and I were soon clear of all this business and we enjoyed a long run up to the busy (but not on this Thursday) mooring area at the mouth of the Parker River. Our return was now upwind with succeeding tacks across the Sound gradually lengthening as we beat south onto the wider parts with the tide now going out beginning to reveal lighter colored shallows and the tops of waving grass. Too soon we came alongside Great Neck, its heights crowded with waterfront homes and then the mooring field appeared, picking up ours somewhat affected by the southeast wind opposing the outgoing tide (which prevailed) as it swept by into the gut.

A great afternoon made possible by our freedom to choose a time and place when others were otherwise occupied elsewhere.

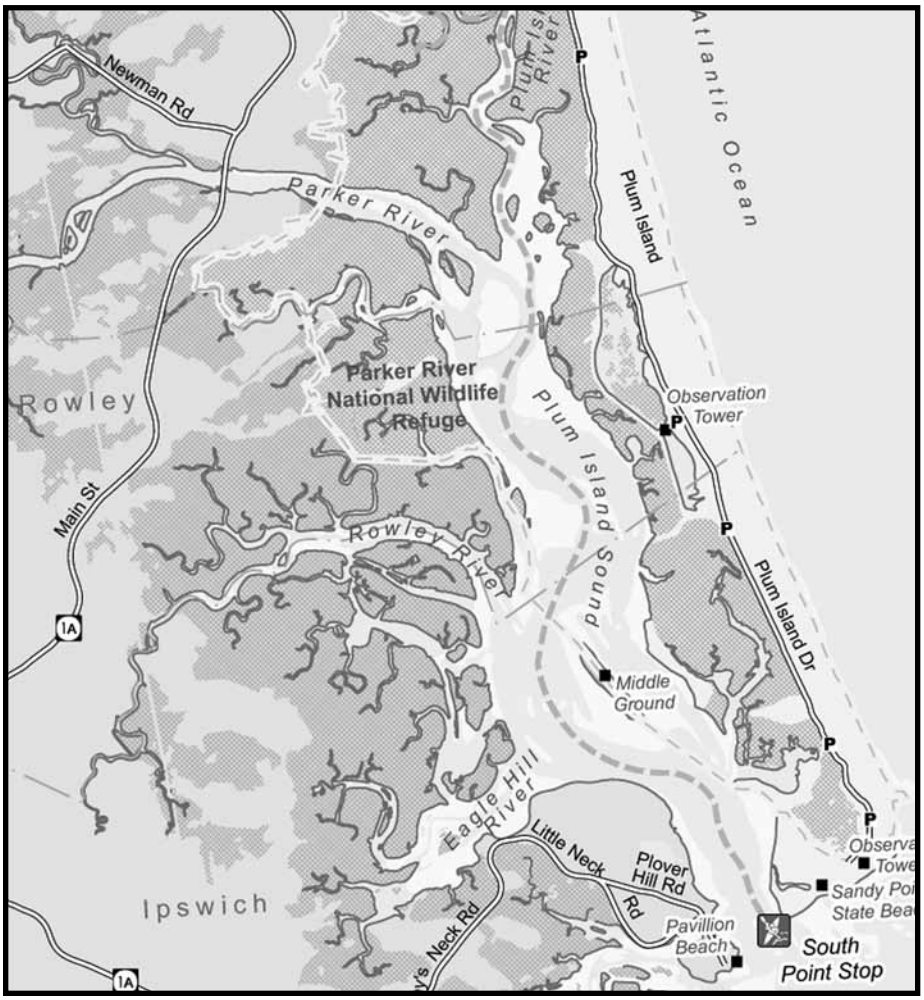
Beating back against a now 15-20mph southeast wind.

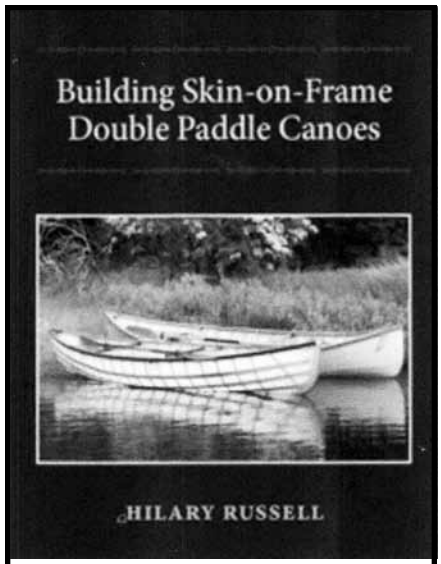
The Nimble's tiller setup to get around that mizzen mast.

Traffic on the open Sound, a J24 headed for the yacht club to set up its mast.

A lonely private inholding on the Great Marsh shore.

Technology looms over the mainland side of the Refuge.





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Small Boats...Big Waters~I

I guess I had it coming! I had snuck off unnoticed and alone one July morning to sail my 10' centreboard sloop from Groton Long Point, Connecticut, to West Harbor on Fishers Island, a distance of 4 nautical miles - if I'd made it, that is.

It was a beautiful morning for a sail and, as I left the Groton Long Point breakwater to starboard, the northeast wind gained in strength and soon the water under the bright red counter was gurgling merrily. As the outline of Fishers Island hove into sight, I knew the "short sail" to which I usually restricted myself whenever I behaved like the modern version of Tom Sawyer was going to be extended. Many "short sails" around the bay that summer inadvertently turned out to be day-long cruises for my small sailboat to nearby New London, Mystic and Stonington. I knew my family didn't mind because a few times they had been part of my crew, but there were other times, like this one, when I had happily gone alone.

As I sailed out into Long Island Sound where it necks down to form the entrance to Fishers Island Sound, the wind picked up from a mild Force 3 to a breezy Force 5. There was a strong outgoing tide through the narrows with a wind against tide condition that created short, steep seas in mid-channel. These conditions worsened as I left the lee made by the Connecticut shore. Occasionally a light spray flew back from the swooping bow as the little sloop danced from one wave top to another.

Then, as I had North Dumpling Island almost abeam, my idyllic passage suddenly came to an abrupt end. For some unknown reason, the boat suddenly swung up into the wind and steep seas. Turning around quickly, I saw that my outboard rudder had been knocked out of the gudgeons on the transom, apparently by some underwater obstruction, and its only connecting link to the boat now was through the tiller in my hand. By this time, the bow had passed through the eye of the wind and the boat had come about. Now on the opposite tack, the boat was headed back toward the Connecticut shore. The sails were aback, and as I struggled to release the sheets to prevent a knockdown, I unthinkingly let go of the tiller. The light beamy boat swung back into the wind with the sails flapping madly, the tiller and rudder gone. Helplessly in irons, the boat drifted backwards at the mercy of the choppy seas. Tugging at the jib sheet, I got the boat underway again only to take a big cold wave into the cockpit, which is not self-bailing.

Through all of this, I was struck with the necessity of trying to retrieve my missing rudder. Although the stark reality hadn't registered that with a metal kickup blade the rudder probably wouldn't float, I did realize the importance of needing some way to steer my boat, if I were to survive in these turbulent waters so far from shore.

Using the little knowledge I had about sailing a boat with just the sails, I began to search the area for any sign of rudder and tiller. It was really a pointless exercise because if anything had been floating, I wouldn't have been able to see it in the steep seas anyway, and without a rudder I could only sail a short distance on one tack before accidently coming about or gybing. Gybing is always a tricky maneuver in choppy water and a strong wind, but in a small boat with no rudder, it is sheer murder! Several times my boat was caught broadside by the force of a few ugly, breaking waves and almost capsized.

However, by experimenting with the trim of the sails, I slowly learned how to increase the distance I travelled. A close hauled mainsail forced the boat's bow up into the wind; a taut jib took her down wind. By setting the jib almost flat and allowing the main to run off, I was able, for a time, to reach through the search area. Then suddenly, for some unknown reason, possibly from wave action or from a sudden change in the wind speed or direction, I'd lose control of the boat again.

All of this time, there had been several large boats in the area either making for or sailing in the comparative lee of South Dumpling and Flat Hammock Islands. Although I made no attempt to request assistance, anyone looking in my direction couldn't help but wonder about my erratic course and violently luffing sails.

I finally realized the futility of looking further for my steering gear and decided I'd best try to make for shore without it. Actually, I believe now that I needed the search time to acclimate myself to the sea conditions and to experiment with the trim of the sails. When I had mentally decided what I was going to do and how I was going to do it, I was anxious to put the plan into operation.

By this time the wind and seas had become too severe for my small sloop. I couldn't remain where I was, exposed to the full onslaught of the elements, but I also wasn't sure I could sail to safety by just the trim of the sails. I knew I couldn't maneuver through a narrow channel without a rudder, so the best chance I thought I had was to try to beach the boat.

Both the South and Main Beaches directly across the water from me on the Connecticut shore offered a possible haven, if I could make it that far. Once across the Sound, I could sail parallel to the shore, if necessary, to reach one of them. With the northeast wind behind me rather than off my starboard beam, I also felt it would be easier for me to steer in the calmer, more protected waters. On the other hand, the closer Fishers Island shore with its rocky lee shoals and outlying islands seemed to present fewer possibilities of safety once I got there, and I wasn't sure of how I could get home again. The disadvantage of sailing to the Connecticut side was having to recross most of Fishers Island Sound and the strong outgoing current.

I set off, still experimenting with the set of the main and jib to control the boat's course. With the jib in as far as I could get it and the main mostly luffing, I could only sail 100-150 feet at the most, before accidently gybing or coming about. This, coupled with the swift current pulling me into the depths of Fishers Island Sound, prevented me from making much progress toward my goal.

I decided I had to try steering with my son's homemade paddle that I had onboard. I had hesitated to do so before because the blade was small and the handle short. Beyond the fact that I carried it for sentimental reasons and for occasional use in a clam, I had no illusions about its ability to serve as a steering oar in an emergency. Without an oarlock or notch in the transom, I knew I was going to get a real workout trying to hold the boat on course in the strong wind and waves. However, I had no choice but to try.

With two hands on the paddle, one holding it against the transom, the other on the handle steering, I again got the boat underway. In the meantime, like the proverbial one-armed paperhanger at work, I managed to get the jib and mainsail sheeted in, and immediately the little boat started making knots. But is a strong wind gust and with a good size wave under the boat, I had to use all my strength to hold her on course.

After steering like this for a period of time, I was forced to rest. Each time I did, the boat would swing up into the wind and come about and I'd find myself sailing back toward Fishers Island over precious ground I'd recently gained. Once, in desperation, I tried paddling as hard as I could on the windward side of the boat, hoping in vain to keep her on course this way. As the situation became more desperate, I began to doubt seriously the wisdom of not sailing the shorter distance to Fishers Island. The boat would probably have ridden steadier and been easier to control on the wind rather than off. However, it was too late now as I was more than halfway across the Sound.

As I looked toward the Connecticut shore, I could see I had more than a mile to go to the red channel buoy that marked the old wreck off Groton Long Point. After steering through a series of long tacks, sometimes with the paddle held at right angles to the transom to keep the boat on course, I had to rest again. Despite the strong chilling wind, I was wet with sweat and my aching arms hung uselessly at my sides. As the boat lay in a deep trough, she took another breaking wave broadside and almost went over. All my gear was floating around in the bottom. I was barely afloat. For a moment I was seized with panic. It looked like I wasn't going to make it to shore. In my exhausted condition, I probably couldn't have clung long to an overturned boat, no less had the strength to right it. I cursed myself as a fool for starting out without letting someone know where I'd gone.

I figured I had one last chance. I had to take the mainsail down and try to sail with the jib alone. I wasn't sure if I'd be able to breast the strong current with so small a sail,

however, with the main down and flapping wildly about the boom and the loose halyard streaming straight out in front of me in the wind, I, at least, was able to sail without accidently coming about or gybing. I had also gotten far enough across Fishers Island Sound so that my course to South Beach was now almost directly down wind, an ideal direction I found, for sailing my boat under jib alone. Now when I did temporarily lose control of the boat and her stern swung across the eye of the wind, the jib would fill on the other tack and bring her back on course again. Best of all, the wind and the waves decreased somewhat in the partial lee of the Connecticut shore.

I also found I could steer for a short time in the calmer waters with one hand, bracing the paddle against the quarter rub rail rather than against the transom. This freed my other hand for bailing. The water in the cockpit started to go down and with it my fear of capsizing in the sluggish hull. As I got closer to the Connecticut shore, I began to gain slowly on the weakening current. Conditions had improved so much, in fact, as I neared the red nun buoy off South Beach that I decided to continue down the shore to Main Beach which was large, more accessible, and closer to home.

However, I wasn't there yet. I had another problem to overcome first. I had to sail through the rip tides and overfalls the ebbing tide creates off the southern tip of Groton Long Point. If I could make it around the point, I reasoned, well and good. If not, I could still drift back with the current to the small and rocky South Beach, my original goal.

As I neared the point, I edged closer to shore until I could see the rocky bottom. With the centerboard up as far as I could get it and yet maintain stability and some maneuverability, I reduced the three feet my boat usually draws to a foot or less. Dodging a few rocky heads just visible below the surface, I reached the tidal area and immediately my forward progress stopped. The strong current swung me around and the boat picked up speed going in the wrong direction! Paddling as hard as I could, I got the boat headed in the right direction again. I realized I could have used more sail to weather the point, but with the main halyard out of reach, that was impossible. I'd have to stay with the jib and try again. Moving to a new location 30-50 feet farther out from shore, I found a little more wind and a little less current over the softer bottom. Sailing through the overfalls gave me a few anxious moments, but there was no denying my forward progress. As I slipped slowly around the point, I knew it was all downhill for me from here on. I'd made it!

This experience certainly won't stop me from singlehanding my boat again next spring, after I get a new rudder and tiller. But between now and then, I'll have a chance to think about what I did wrong and what I'd do the next time to prevent a similar incident from occurring.

Incidentally, just before starting back toward the Connecticut shore after losing my rudder, I remembered spotting a lobster pot buoy pulled just under the surface of the water by the strong current. I must have sailed directly over the buoy or line without seeing it and popped my outboard rudder straight up and out of its gudgeons. Although I'd hit underwater obstructions before, I'd never lost the rudder. It was a one-chance-in-a-thousand occurrence, but it did happen.

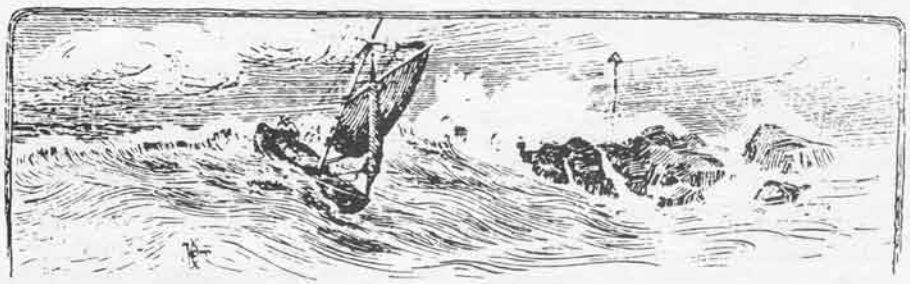
1. For this reason, my new rudder will have a foot cut in the wood just below the lower pintle. The next time I hit an underwater obstruction, the rudder blade will kick up and out of the way, as it's supposed to, but the rudder itself should remain in place no matter how direct the hit.

2. I'll have a standard size paddle or oar aboard (but will still take along my son's!) that will be long enough and have a wide enough blade to serve as a steering oar in case of a future emergency. I may also install an oarlock mounting in the transom to facilitate its use.

3. Although I'd had an anchor onboard, the line was not long enough to reach bottom when I needed it. However, if I'd had the amount of line I should have been carrying, I might have been able to anchor in deeper water when I'd badly needed to rest and bail.

And, oh yes, the next I decide to sneak off for a short sail around the bay, I'll be sure to leave a note behind telling my family which "bay" I have in mind!

Lionel W. Taylor



Small Boats...Big Waters-II

It 1979 I built my first boat, a Bolger Teal. At the time I also owned a Laser, so I didn't bother building the sailing rig, but used Teal solely as a rowing skiff.

Some years later I moved to the Texas Gulf coast. For various reasons I sold the Laser, and after several years off the water I decided to build Teal's sailing rig and use her as a sailboat. In April of 1989 I launched Teal from the Texas City Dike for our first sail on Galveston Bay.

Before going any further I should explain that the Texas City Dike is a five mile long, low man-made promontory jutting southeastward out into Galveston Bay. The dike was built some years ago to protect the Texas City ship channel from shoaling. The prevailing Gulf winds (which can get quite strong and gusty) are from the south-southeast. Protected from the seas, but exposed to the full force of the wind, the area to the north of the dike is a gathering place for catamarans, sailboards, and whatever else loves strong winds and smooth water. (In 1987 the Gougeon brothers came here for an attempt at the world speed record under sail. Their sophisticated proa broke up on the rocks during a squall.) The area to the south of the dike, the ship channel and beyond, is fully exposed to the wind and seas sweeping in from Bolivar Roads, West Bay, and the Gulf.

It was late morning when I launched Teal at a ramp on the windward side of the dike, near the shoreward end. Teal proved to be a responsive sailer. My wife and our eight-month old son were aboard for a brief sail, then I sailed solo while Jamie took some pictures from the dock. The breeze was freshening and Teal seemed a little unsteady, especially during jibes, but nothing to worry about. As Jamie and Christian drove home I turned Teal to the southeast, intending to sail the length of the dike (about 4-1/2 miles) along its windward side, then round the tip and land on the boat beach on the leeward side.

I sailed Teal closehauled on the starboard tack, staying between the ship channel and the dike. The chop built as we came out of the lee of Snake Island. Teal romped along, and I enjoyed the sport after a long absence from the water. I was enjoying the wind, the sun, and the sailing so much that I didn't realize that the breeze was still strengthening. As we neared the tip of the dike we felt the full force of the seas, turning steep and nasty. I bore off to skirt the tip of the dike. The quartering wind made Teal unsteady, and in that moment an unexpected comber rolled her over.

Capsizes were nothing new. I had sailed small boats since my childhood on the Chesapeake Bay, through high school and intercollegiate competition, and had been dumped and gotten back up dozens of times, in all sorts of waters and weather conditions. I remember thinking as Teal went over that it would be a simple matter of righting her and bailing her out.

It was then that I realized I wasn't wearing my lifejacket, and that all my gear was rapidly floating away.

Some fast swimming rounded up oars, lifejacket, and bailing bucket. I put on the lifejacket and lashed the other gear to the boat with some spare line, then set to work righting Teal.

Teal's plans had called for foam flotation installed in each end. I hadn't installed it. For using Teal only as a rowing skiff it hadn't seemed necessary, and I had overlooked it when fitting the sailing rig. Now I found that Teal was easy enough to turn upright, but the weight of the rig forced her under when righted.

After several tries I realized that the wind and tide were carrying us toward the junction of the main ship channels to Houston and Texas City. I began to worry as a tanker made its way inbound from Bolivar Roads; when the ship turned and headed into the Texas City channel I was damn well scared. The ship, empty and riding high, cleared us by sixty or seventy feet. The pilot looked down from the bridge and gave a worried wave and a shrug of his shoulders as if to ask if I needed help. Damn right I needed help,

but I waved and tried to look cheerful as if this was an everyday occurrence.

I took stock of my situation: I was in the water with a capsized homebuilt boat that I couldn't refloat, being carried across ship channels, out toward the mouth of Galveston Bay. I was scared, I was getting tired fast, and for the first time in my life I was in a situation that I wasn't sure I'd get out of.

I unstepped the mast, righted the hull, and scrambled aboard. No good. My weight forced Teal under, rightside up or not. An idea struck me. I righted Teal, and with the hull awash, treaded water alongside while I bailed her out. After several minutes Teal had gained several inches of freeboard, and I again scrambled aboard.

My boarding swamped Teal again. She floated awash, my weight forcing her under. Another idea. I lay down on my back inside the boat, letting my lifejacket float me, taking my weight off the boat. I even tucked the oars under me for extra flotation. Lying on my back I bailed furiously, hoping to get ahead of the waves washing across Teal. I kept up the pace as long as I could. When I stopped to catch my breath Teal had gained several inches of freeboard! She was starting to rise to the waves! After a moment's rest I started bailing again.

After the second round of bailing Teal was half emptied of water and sluggishly riding over the waves. I sat up and looked around. The mast, sail and sprit floated in the water. These were still attached to the hull by the mainsheet, acting as a sea anchor. The wind was strong now, a solid 25 knots (I found out later) with whitecaps cresting the waves. The force of the onshore wind on the hull and the drag of the outgoing tide on the rig balanced out, so that Teal held her position a half mile from the tip of the dike. I bailed again, kneeling and balancing in a hull that seemed much less stable than it had when I left shore. In a short time Teal was empty, riding over the waves like a cork.

Now I had to figure a way to get to the boat beach on the leeward side of the dike. The windward shore was out of the question, being composed of granite riprap placed by the Army Corps of Engineers. The mast and sprit were too long to fit into the hull. Carrying them aboard would make rowing clumsy. With the wind, waves and tide I'd never make any headway. The other option was sailing in. But with Teal as unsteady as she seemed to be, it was doubtful whether I could get the mast stepped without capsizing again.

I removed the sprit from the rig and placed the sprit in the boat. I heaved the mast aboard and with a sudden desperate effort, forced it upright and placed in in the step, all the while precariously balancing the weight of the mast, the drag of the violently luffing sail, and the little hull bobbing over the waves.

I was exhausted. Adrenalin had kept me going this far; now that I was relatively safe the strength left my arms and I began to shake uncontrollably. Teal lugged along, the force of the luffing sail enough to keep her moving. I grabbed the tiller and hove to, keeping Teal almost head to wind. Shortly I was rested again and once more took a look around. The tip of the dike was to leeward, about a quarter of a mile away. With the wind and seas as high as they now were I would have trouble sailing around to the lee side of the dike without capsizing again. I would have to tack downwind, making a long reach out into the bay, then tacking and reaching back in. A jibe was out of the questions in that wind.

I went to work trying to re-rig the sprit. No way, the wind was too strong. When I tried to thread the clew pennant into the sprit Teal wanted to spin around, broadside to the wind. I tried three times and gave up, lucky to still be upright. I got out the oars and turned Teal downwind, the uncontrolled sail streaming out ahead. The wind moved Teal faster than I could row her. After a few moments I stowed the oars and concentrated on steering and balancing.

As we drew even with the tip of the tike I realized there was a big advantage to sailing this way: I wouldn't have to jibe as much. All I had to do was change course. The sail would continue to stream where it wanted. We rounded the dike and turned to the northwest, sailing back along the lee side. As we drew under the lee of the land the waves smoothed out. The dike is only about ten feet high over its width, so Teal still felt the full force of the wind.

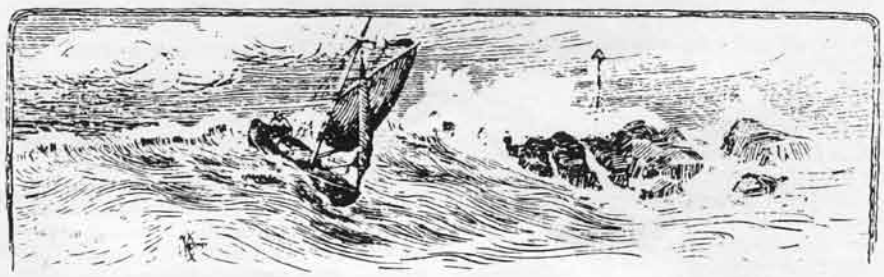
The sandy beach was covered with sunbathers. Swimmers dotted the water and catamarans screamed back and forth, taking full advantage of the high wind and smooth water. In the protected waters I felt more confident. I rounded up and managed to rerig the sprit. Teal was under full control now and surged ahead proudly, fully confident of her ability to keep company with the flashy multihulls. The wind was strong enough to force her above hull speed as I hiked my full weight out on the rail. Bolger designs have many virtues, among them strength. The mast took a surprising bend, but gave no protest. The hull and partners flexed, the leeboard sang, and everything held together in find shape as Teal and I surged past the swimmer's beach and made for the boat beach.

At this time of the afternoon dozens of catamarans were beaching after their final runs of the day. Teal and I maneuvered through the crowd. The little homebuilt drew curious looks from the high-priced crowd. I rounded up, stepped out, and started to unrig. A curious onlooker walked up to ask about Teal, and helped me to get her ashore and put to bed.

I had launched from a ramp near the base of the dike on the windward side, and had landed at a beach near the tip on the leeward side. I had about four miles to walk back to my truck. Over gravel and broken pavement. In the Texas sun. In bare feet.

I made it in just under an hour. The memory of finding myself in trouble, in a situation that I hadn't anticipated, will stay with me a long time. But the memory of those blisters will stay with me forever.

F.C. Berg



Small Boats...Big Waters-III

I have just read the enjoyable article "Down in the Mud on the Bay" in the June 1st issue, and feel it is my responsibility to state that the mud in lower San Francisco Bay, though quite squishy and rather foul smelling, can be, in fact, crossed on foot. There is no need to nearly die when stranded as did the five men on the motorboat that ran aground in that mud in the story.

In the summer of 1971 as a skinny lad of 14, I had behind me one summer of sailing an 8' El Toro dinghy in the protected harbor of Palo Alto, California, situated at the southern end of San Francisco Bay and coincidentally the destination of Mr. E.G. Ragsdale's kayak trip. During my second summer of sailing, I became more adventurous and left the confines of the harbor to travel the three miles across the bay and back.

After one successful trip, I asked a friend a few days later if he would like to come along with me in his El Toro. Innocently enough, we ventured out in a moderate breeze around noon on a sunny day. As we sailed across to the other side we were pointing fairly high into the wind, so as it increased we were able to continue making good progress and kept the heeling effect to an acceptable level by slightly luffing our sails.

By the time we neared the opposite shore the wind was so strong that, had there been a harbor nearby, I'm sure we would have stopped there and called our parents to retrieve us. Unfortunately, though, all we could see to the north and south, and for a couple of miles inland, were salt evaporation ponds surrounded by dikes.

So, back we headed. Travelling almost dead downwind, I couldn't figure out how to de-power the sail. With a three foot chop and the wind astern, the boat began to roll terrifyingly. My friend had pulled some way ahead of me by the time we were about a third of the way back. It was then that I capsized and he was too far ahead to

hear my shouts for help. I hung onto my overturned boat with my eyes riveted on my friend's growing distance. After watching him continue on his way for a quarter hour I realized he wasn't going to come back for me. Although I remembered reading it was best in such a situation to stay with the boat, I decided that in as much as there were no other craft visible on the South Bay, I'd better ignore that dictum and strike out for shore.

I had heard that one could lose control of the muscles after 15 or 20 minutes immersion in the cold (about 50 degrees F) bay waters, but oddly enough, on first entering the water, I found it warm compared to the wind blowing over my soaked T-shirt and jeans. My life jacket was strapped tight as I set off on the longest swim of my life. I used the elementary backstroke in which my hands were in the water all the time because I thought I could sustain this easy stroke for a long distance.

After a terrifying hour during which I repeatedly assured myself that should I survive I would never sail again, I came close enough to shore to touch the bottom. With a quarter mile to go to dry land, I could perhaps have made faster progress if I had continued to swim as far as I could, but somehow the unpleasantness of sinking knee deep into the mud with every step was outweighed by the reassurance I felt in touching the land.

Once on dry shore, I tossed my life jacket aside and began the long hike down the dikes towards civilization. An hour of walking down gravel topped levees in bare feet and a few hopped fences led me to a Leslie Salt building where I found a security guard. In another hour my mom was driving me home.

My friend had seen me capsize but considered it too dangerous to turn back. After barely managing to regain Palo Alto harbor, he called his parents, who in turn called the Coast Guard. A helicopter sent out found my overturned boat and eventually the life jacket I had discarded on the shore, but saw no trace of me. My phone call relieved much distress at home.

A kind soul from the Palo Alto Yacht Club found my boat next day, intact except for a missing centerboard. I didn't even catch a cold from the adventure, but I did, however, wait a whole month before venturing to sail again.

Dick Damon

Small Boats...Big Waters~IV

It looked like a perfect day for paddling, summery and still. Even though it was still late April, the water in front of the AMC Knubble Bay Camp near Bath, Maine, sparkled in the sun and the multi-colored kayaks of our group of some 35 sea kayakers danced softly on the waves as we put in for our outing. Those of us who were beginners would be exploring Brookings Bay while the more experienced paddlers would go up the Back River. Many of us wore shorts and tee shirts in the summerlike conditions.

During the mild morning the two groups criss-crossed Hockomock Bay, enjoying the local fauna; cormorants and loons, and curious seals, and overhead somewhat irritated ospreys alarmed at our intrusions. After lunch break, we noted a few clouds rolling in, but nothing that appeared worrisome. In small groups we continued to explore this and that inviting cove. Late in the afternoon, the two main groups caught sight of each other across the more open water, heading back toward Beal Island for the mile-long run back to the camp from there. Ah, that last stretch of now familiar water. No problem, easy paddling, even if it had gotten cloudy and cool.

Wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong!

Out of nowhere it seemed came a fearsome (to this novice paddler) wind gusting to 35 knots, whipping the water into almost instant whitecaps. Waves built into confusing patterns. It became frighteningly clear that this was to be no easy paddle back. A half-dozen of us set out on the run to Knubble Bay Camp, the rest, perhaps being more prudent, put in at Beal Island to await a possible change in the wind conditions.

Those of us working back toward camp across the tossing waters found the effort very draining of both physical and psychic energy. Intense care and concentration had to be focussed on keeping my kayak at a 45 degree angle to each irregular wave as it rose up, so as to avoid being capsized into the water I now fully realized was icy still. So much now for the shorts and tee-shirts.

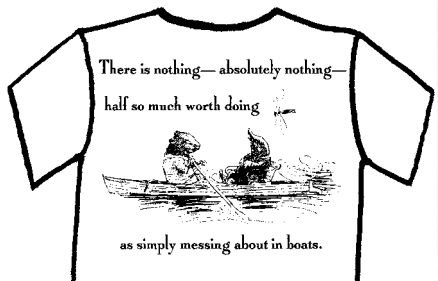
No respite came in the wind, progress seemed measured in inches. At last the last point of land was rounded and the beautiful put-in at the camp came into view, the wind and waves dropped slightly in this more protected place and we soon came ashore safely enough. Those still over at Beal Island gradually crossed over in small groups later in the day as wind and waves moderated somewhat, with several of the more experienced paddlers tirelessly assisting the nervous novices. Bedtime came very early that evening for many of us exhausted by the unexpected ordeal.

As a new paddler, I learned a lot from this experience. I am an avid hiker, and when I do not like the weather or the terrain I encounter in the mountains, I can stop, hunker down in my tent, turn back, go a different way. In kayaking I don't have all of these options, I have to have better developed skills for paddling and pay greater attention to the potential developments that might occur on a trip. I must never go out unprepared for emergencies, cold weather or waters, and should carry all pertinent gear for these possibilities in my kayak just as I do in my backpack hiking.

Finally I realized that kayaking in groups is no guarantee of safety, even though help may be nearby. At the height of the wind we encountered, there would have been very little anyone could have done to help me if I had capsized, nor could I have done much to assist another.

Nature rules, and don't ever forget it!

Hilary Hopkins



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Over the Horizon

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

Yachts

Slick sailing magazines take up half a shelf at the bookstore and lots of wannabe sailors drool over the bikini clad models joyfully romping around on teak decks as they skim across perfectly blue oceans under perfectly sunny days, replete with moderate winds. Closer inspection of the sundry extraordinarily expensive boats yields a different perspective. All the glitz and glamour and exotic ports in the background take your eye away from the boat itself that is horridly ugly.

The Hanse 67' luxury yacht, dripping with teak and chrome, has a vertical bow wonderfully perpendicular to the sea. The transom is no different, vertical and straight as a pin. The sides are slab and also perfectly vertical. With virtually no curve from bow to stern, this multimillion dollar floating castle is a triangle. A first grade student with a limited imagination could have designed it. Bluntly, it is UGLY.

Perusing *Sail* and similar magazines one finds luxury yacht after luxury yacht cookie cutter models. Bavaria, Beneteau, Jeanneau, etc, all are nothing more than elongated isosceles triangles. Thank God that most of us will never be able to afford an ugly boat. Remind me to proffer a love pat to my West Wight Potter 15 *Genny Sea*.

A recent copy of one of the above mentioned slick yachting rags noted that one expensive catamaran super cruising yacht has been fitted with foils fashioned after the America's Cup racers. On trials this cruiser hit speeds of 30mph without a problem. The primary question must be "Why?" Aren't cruising, messabouts and gunkholing supposedly about relaxation, good food (even if it is from a Campbell's can), a few coolies and some good friendship? Evidently now people want to sit in their comfortable sofas in an air conditioned parlor speeding across the Great Lakes or on a trip from St Pete Beach to Key West in a couple of hours. Like owning an ugly boat, sailing at high speeds seems counter intuitive. Stealing a line from Tom Hanks in *Big*, "I don't get it!"

Mediterranean

The Communist revolution is supposedly over but you would never know it watching the Russians and Chinese cozying up to each other like two old pals. First the Russians asked the Chinese to build some warships for them and then the Chinese made some very friendly stopovers at Russian ports for photo ops. Now the Big Bear and the Fiery Dragon are doing something they have not done before and it is raising eyebrows all across Europe and the Middle East. China and Russia are carrying out joint naval operations in the Med.

The People's Liberation Army Navy (PLAN) sent two frigates, *Linyi* and *Weifang*, to play with a Russian guided missile corvette. This is just one of many recent Russian naval operations in the North Sea, Black Sea and Baltic. The Chinese have been playing hardball in the western Pacific and now are adding their presence in the Mediterranean. China has played an active role in Northern Africa and in the Middle East as they project themselves as a super power. The Dragon also evacuated Chinese civilians from unstable Yemen. These operations indicate to the world that the Med is no longer NATO's mare nostrum. The EU, NATO and the US are particularly keen on keeping an eye on China.

Sinkings

A Chinese tug sank during trials and 22 people were killed. While the Chinese tend to be quiet about disasters, the Chinese News Agency announced that a ship carrying 410 people and 47 crew members sank during a typhoon off the coast of China. The *Eastern Star* went down quickly with only a handful rescued although the Captain and Chief Engineer were among those saved. Typhoon level winds and seas hampered rescue operations. At the time of the announcement only eight people had been rescued.

What was supposed to be a pleasure cruise for tourists mostly between the ages of 50 and 80 ended up the worst Chinese sea disaster in over 70 years. A full day after the *Eastern Star* capsized divers were attempting to save any who might be trapped and they did succeed in finding one elderly woman. Five others were heard to be tapping on the hull. Unlike the tug sinking, the *Eastern Star* instantly became a worldwide news flash over which the Chinese government had little control.

Environment

The news just keeps getting worse and worse on the environmental front. The recent headlines of the *Cedar Rapids* (Iowa) *Gazette* announced that Iowa's impaired waterways increased by 356% since 1998. On selected spots along the Mississippi, Missouri and smaller rivers, as well as lakes and streams, the Iowa Department of Natural Resources indicated that 725 of the 1316 stations need immediate attention to be safe for humans. The DNR has noted excessive amounts of ecoli and other hazardous bacteria in places where people swim, boat or canoe. Recent significant fish kills indicated significant evidence of health issues.

Large quantities of geese have been blamed for the pollution. Goose poop has been blamed for large increases of bacteria, chemicals and nitrates. Geese have also been the primary guilty party for the Bird Flu pandemic across Iowa. Millions of chickens have been slaughtered in the last month because of the outbreak of that highly contagious disease. The price of chicken in the Midwest has risen drastically and grocery stores have faced runs on eggs.

Close to home, a nearby small lake, sarcastically called Cancer Lake because of the levels of mercury and heavy metals in the bottom mud, used to have very few large fowl. Over the last ten years geese have overpopulated the lake to the point of being a major irritation. Mean and nasty, the geese have attacked bikers, walkers and those crazy enough to fish or canoe there. This writer sat and counted hundreds of goslings walking across his favorite bar's parking lot. Not only are cars and bikers being bombarded with feces, dog walkers have been warned against their favorite canine eating infected geese poop. Very soon the city government will have to establish a plan for coping with the sudden increase of these flying beasties.

In the "You Gotta Be Kidding Me" category, the city of Des Moines and surrounding suburbs are in a knockdown, jaw breaking court battle with upstream villages and towns over water quality. Congress, in its infinite wisdom, exempted farmers from the Clean Water Act. Hog lots, feedlots and crop farms dump huge amounts of pollution into streams that run into rivers from which cities get their water. Now the American Farm Bureau has kicked into overdrive in the legal battle protecting farmers. The Farm Bureau stands firmly and munificently behind farmers in the belief that government should stay off the farm.

It gets complicated. The other side, metro Des Moines, says that farmers are gravely endangering the lives of its citizens with highly polluted water and the Water Works Commission has ample proof that the blame lies brazenly on farmers. The political hot potato (or potatoe as poor old Dan Quayle thought, hey, I am a lousy speller, too) is that one in eight Iowa residents live in metro Des Moines. The state's Congressmen and Senators are caught between two very powerful and resourceful forces. Who would think that something like water quality would be such a perplexing and political issue?

Australia, in conjunction with UNESCO and the International Maritime Organization, has designated 550,000 square miles of the Coral Sea and the Great Barrier Reef Particularly Sensitive Sea Areas (PSSA). The Coral Sea is among the world's most vibrant but delicate ecological systems in the oceans, and the Great Barrier Reef is suffering horrendous losses in recent years.

The shipping industry agreed to have reef pilots on board while crossing the PSSA. The 2010 grounding of a Chinese coal freighter accounted for significant damage to the reef structure and constant coal shipping traffic from the mines in northern Australia have raised global concerns about a healthy Great Barrier Reef.

Fishing

As the unquestionably Worst Fisherman in the World, I have little knowledge of poles, reels, lures, lines, good holes or fish identity, the exception being a shark I saw scuba diving in Mexico. My then 12 year old son bestowed my title, honestly believing his dad was the dork of the universe, when I was fishing in Finland and only caught a duck. Old Dad had also said that bringing lures was silly because the Rapala factory was only a few miles away and we could purchase them in Finland cheaper than in the US. Wrong, you can get them less expensively from WalMart than from the factory showroom. Really, a duck?

The topic of fish made the news when a very large moonfish was landed. This oddity not only is extremely thin and exceptionally round, it is the only known warm blooded fish in the ocean. Other fish regulate temperature of certain parts of their bodies, but the moonfish is completely warm blooded thanks to a mass of blood vessels immediately abaft their gills that act like a heat pump warming water that flows throw the gills. Moonfish are also interesting in that unlike all other fish they propel themselves not by wagging their tails but by constant fluttering of their fins. These fish are weird looking. They resemble very large serving plates.

Merchant Ships

The *Asia Laya* carrying 634 cattle caught fire off the coast of Indonesia. Evidently the ship was overloaded and was heeling badly, alarming the crew who fired flares in distress. Sparks from the flares started the fire in the hay and straw used to bed and feed the cows. The 40 crew members were rescued without injury. The saving of the bovines was less successful. Darn it, considering the cost of a good prime rib or Porterhouse steak, this loss brings tears to my eyes.

The Singapore owned, managed and flagged *Alpine Eternity* came under surprise attack from Iranian gunboats in the second round of aggression in the month of May. The oiler was bound for a port in the UAE but possibly collided with an object in Iranian waters, according to the ship's owners. Revolutionary Guard Corps Navy, a unit controlled by the radical elements within Iran, led the attack and not the Iranian Navy. Many in Iran are furious over continued Western Europe and US sanctions. Since the Iranian government does not operate the RGCN, discussions and resolutions are virtually impossible.

Monstrous Panamex ships have forced the Army Corps of Engineers to develop plans for the deepening of the lower Mississippi channel. The current depth of 45' is inadequate for freighters and the Corps is reviewing whether a 50' depth is adequate. Some critics call for a minimum of 55', however, environmentalists believe this is too much. The Panamex ships are essential for carrying additional tonnage of grain from the Port of New Orleans. The economic impact along the full length of the Great Muddy necessitates these endeavors. Of course, the politics interferes with objectivity. Louisiana officials and grain dealers are supportive of this expenditure. Fiscal conservatives are wary and certain ecologically concerned groups want more study.

A World Shipping Council study found that on the average 546 shipping containers are lost per year in non cataclysmic events. Cataclysmic events dump another 1,600 containers into the seas annually. These clearly indicate that sailing hazards and detritus of humanity are strewn all across the most heavily traversed areas of the seas. The study indicated several causes of container loss. The biggest issue is improper packing whereby containers are heavily weighted on one side or another or the container cargo is unsecured. The second cause is poor stowage. Too often heavy containers are poorly placed vis a vis other containers. Top heavy containers cause load shifting which creates instability of the vessel.

WSC also noted that many container ships are ill suited for the amount of cargo they carry. Structural failure of either the ship itself or the containers is a top concern. Alongside that problem is the parametric rolling of ships. Poorly stowed containers create huge rolling on ships that increases stress on containers, lashings and the ship itself. The study noted that poor lashing could be blamed for some of the problems. A quick perusal of YouTube videos shows many leaning containers and listing ships.

Gray Fleet

The *USS Constitution* (Old Ironsides), the oldest ship still on the books of the US Navy, has entered Dry Dock #1 in Charleston, Massachusetts, for a scheduled facelift and overhaul. The old vessel was commissioned in 1798 and has been a commissioned vessel ever since. At 2,286 tons of wood it requires preservation and upkeep to remain afloat. This current overhaul will take three years and cost between $12 and $15 million dollars. The anticipated repairs include work on masts and yards, replacing deck beams and lower deck planking. The copper sheath shall also be replaced. Captain Sean Kearns, the 73rd Commander of Old Ironsides, stated that the ship should be back on the water in 2018.

The *USS George Washington* (CVN 73) left Japan on its last Pacific voyage. The *USS Ronald Reagan* (CVN 76) will replace *Washington* in Yokosuka, Japan. With a shortage of good crew, some of the *Washington* crew will transfer to the *Reagan* and others will be added from the *USS Theodore Roosevelt* (CVN 71) in a common shift and rotation of crew who call themselves the President's Crew 220 (the added hull numbers of the three ships). The *Teddy Roosevelt* will move from the Middle East to San Diego while the *Washington* ends up in Norfolk. OK, let's see, some come home, some go to the *Reagan* and some come from the *Roosevelt* who are replaced from someone from somewhere. Got that?

The Navy's hospital ship, *USS Mercy*, bashed the floating dock at the *USS Arizona* memorial at Pearl Harbor. Apparently two tugs pushed the huge white ship out of Hotel Pier, but when the ship maneuvered to leave the harbor her stern smacked the dock knocking it 10' inland and crushing railings. Evidently the *USS Arizona*, the resting place for over a thousand sailors killed on the December 7, 1941, explosion, was not harmed. The memorial itself is on concrete pilings athwart the sunken ship and no part of the memorial or dock is touching the famous ship. Visitations to the *Arizona* Memorial have been cancelled until repairs have been completed. Both the Navy and the Coast Guard are investigating the incident.

Big River News

Navigable waterways are major means of transporting goods in the US. Iowa alone shipped 4.5 million tons downriver and received more than 2.6 million tons of coal and chemicals (farm fertilizer) in return. According to the Iowa Chamber of Commerce, $14.7 billion business was made via the Mississippi. But Iowa is not alone. The US has 12,000 miles of navigable rivers carrying over $214 billion of goods.

Unfortunately virtually all the locks and bridges on major rivers were built in the first part of the 20th century and have been ignored since. An old style turn bridge swings open to allow barges to enter Lock #15 at Davenport. It was built in 1930 and can only handle half a tow at a time. The usual tow is three barges abreast and five sections long. With small locks, it takes a typical tow a good hour or so to go through.

Adding to the problem is the minimal political interest in river traffic. Congress did raise barge diesel fuel tax by $.20 a gallon but the President cut spending on repair and maintenance by 13%. Under the current budget only the Olmstead Locks project on the Ohio River between Kentucky and Illinois will be funded. While federal dollars trickle toward dam repair, costs have skyrocketed. We have war costs that need paying.

A standard tow carries about 22,500 tons of cargo that is equal to two 100 car freight trains or 870 large semis. Barges are greener. The barge rate is 514 miles per gallon carrying one ton of cargo. Trains rate 202 and trucks rate 59. As with the interstate highway system, river traffic is rapidly becoming very crowded so that the length of time for an entire tow to clear locks can back up both tows and pleasure craft. Ports are in sad repair and anchorages are hard to find. Significant building along all our major rivers is essential but neither Congress nor sitting Presidents seem to pay much heed to water infrastructure. There is enough blame over enough time to point fingers at both political parties.

The Canal

The new Nicaraguan canal, a 172 mile canal that can handle Panamex ships, is closer to reality now that a British impact study has been released. The social, environmental and economic impact of such a canal through Nicaragua was the subject of intense study by Environmental Resource Management who simply stated that its findings indicated significant social and economic improvements to the region with the building of this incredibly ambitious infrastructure project, one of the most significant in human history.

This project should commence in the fall of 2015 with 2020 as the proposed opening date. The Chinese back the financing of the canal to the tune of $500 billion. Skeptics maintain that the canal is an engineering nightmare beyond the abilities of most industrial firms. Historians remind us that the Panama Canal, originally a French project that went broke a couple of times before being abandoned, became reality only with US technology, fierce determination by the companies involved and political stability in the region (with Teddy Roosevelt's Big Stick swinging in the background). While the canal is needed, the cost may be difficult for the Chinese to bear. Furthermore, the US is very concerned about Chinese influence on the area. On June 1, 2015, President Obama was raising vocal concerns about Chinese bullying in Asian waters, to say nothing about them planting themselves in Central America.

David McCullough's Pulitzer winning book, *Path Between the Seas*, is highly recommended to all. The book examines all aspects of the Panama Canal building from conception to opening. McCullough's writing style is outstanding and he can make the most trivial interesting. He is a brilliant historian but an even more luminous storyteller.

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Dr. Dan Wood, with assistance from Tim Teague, sets the fairing batten. Dana Ambrose fairing high on the aft frames with dust mask and hearing protection, safety first!

Finishing the Fairing!

Spring Report

Jim Parmentier (left) checks the fair of the bilge clamp footprint with a batten. Working with shims and epoxy (center), Les Perry fairs the outside hull. Fairing often requires the removal of legacy screws before applying the plank. (Right) Jim employs one of the many forms of removing screws, a large pair of vise grips and some considerable brute force. Some were placed in green wood and are nearly impossible to extract.

Fairing for the garboard plank, the dirtiest, most tedious job in the boat shed.

Fairing finesse, Dana applies a batten to the forward portside bilge clamp footprint while Gail Smith and Jim Parmentier stand by for the next high/low spot to work.

Bilge Clamp and Wedge Clamp

Jim and Dana play batten bookends port `and starboard.

Dana and Gail survey the newly installed wedge clamps, heavy oak blocks securely bolted to the frame that are used to wedge the clamp planks into place.

The First Bilge Clamp Plank Test Fit

We cut the first bilge clamp plank this week and loaded it into (and out of) *Virginia*. Tolerances are tight for passing these planks under the high rise work platform between the frames and into the ship without hitting the crossspalls that stabilize the frames at the deck line. Paul Cunningham (tallest among us) takes the point and "threads the needle," backed by Dick Forrest, Orman Hines, Roger Barry, (outside the boatshed) RB Omo and Mike Waters. Inside *Virginia* Dana Ambrose, Jim Parmentier and Gail Smith catch, taking the utmost care on footing that is comprised of all curves and gaps between frames. This clamp plank will be the first in the steam dragon, shifted to a more convenient location. Then it's back to laying out the next clamp, repeat 17 times. The bilge clamp layout is three planks wide and three planks deep running the length of the ship on each side, port and starboard (18 total).

Adventure and Knowledge Come Alive Aboard *Matthew Turner*!

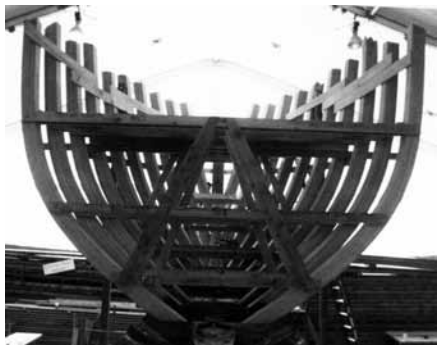
Contributed by Derek Van Loan

Imagine the graceful lines of a Tall Ship, an echo of San Francisco's rich maritime history, tacking her way under the Golden Gate, appearing out of the fog like a 19th century ghost. On her decks and aloft are youth of all backgrounds and abilities, working and learning together sailing her confidently, their faces bright with a sense of adventure and achievement,

Our ship is based on Matthew Turner's work, from the late 19th century. Turner built 228 ships during 40 years in the Bay Area, his craft were considered the most able and fastest sailing ships in their day.

The new *Matthew Turner* will serve as an experiential educational platform for youth and public, sailing the Bay, coast and on ocean expeditions.

Construction began in October 2013 and she is scheduled to launch in 2016. The ship incorporates old world technology with 21st century sustainable building and operational technologies, including an electric propulsion system that regenerates electricity when sailing.



Building A Ship.. . Building Community

Be part of the legacy! Join the community of donors, volunteers and supporters creating *Matthew Turner*, Bay Area's own Tall Ship, serving youth of all ages for generations to come. For information on how to get involved, please visit vvww.educationaltallship.org.

Experiential Learning

Our partner, *Call of the Sea*, is currently serving 6,000 students per year on the schooner *Seaward*. The completed *Matthew Turner* will allow 12,000 additional students per year to experience powerful on the water programs where students experience and learn seamanship, maritime history, marine ecology and stewardship on day, overnight and ocean. expeditions.

Launch the *Matthew Turner* in 2016

Join in and be part of history in the making. We have raised $4 million in donations, in kind support and volunteer resources. We need to raise $2.2 million to finish the job. We now have a USCG approved design by Tri-Coastal Marine, the preeminent naval architects of wooden Tall Ship, a shipyard with all needed equipment, materials to finish the hull, deck, superstructure and joinery, plus an "A team" construction force to get the job done.

Next we need to purchase and build the systems that make the ship go; mast, rigging, sails, steering, propulsion, tanks, plumbing, electrical and navigation systems.

Educationaltallship.Org, (415) 886-4973
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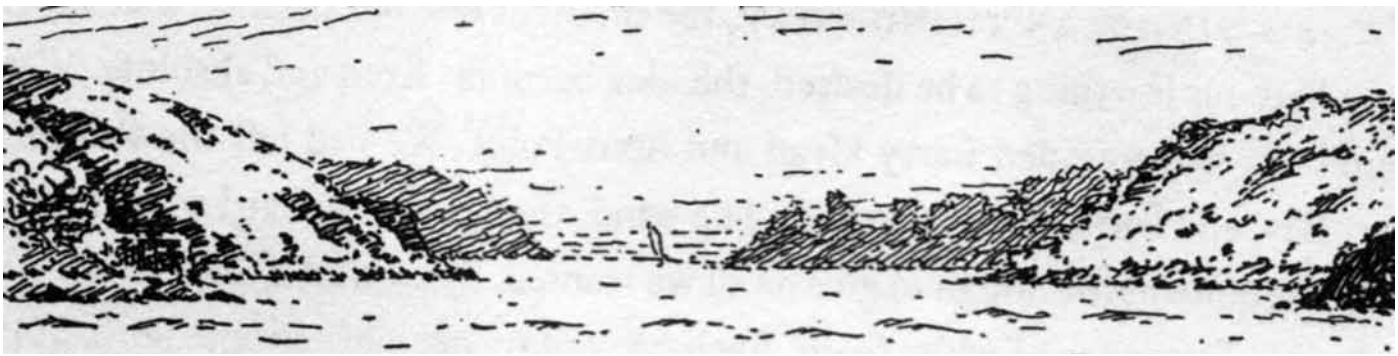
2330 Marinship Way #150,
Sausalito, CA 94965

Specifications

Length on deck: 100' – Sparred length: 132'
Beam: 25' – Draft: 10' – Displ: 175 tons
Sail area: 7,100sf – Height of mast: 100'
Berths for voyaging: 38
Constructed with FSC certified Douglas fir and bronze fastenings
Two 125kw electric propulsion motors regenerating power under sail
Two 100kwh lithium battery banks
Two 80kw bio fuel generators



There has been a lot of progress made on the Robertson canoe since our last report. On February 28 Michael Clarke, John Fitzgerald, Jeff Morrill and Ken Turner came over and we installed the new outside stems. The stems had been made up in advance and although they were a pretty good fit, it required some creative clamping to get them flush to the ends of the canoe. The stems were coated with bedding compound and secured to the inside stems with 1½" bronze screws. In another 80 years the next folks who have to replace these stems will be thankful that we did not use steel screws like Mr Robertson did!

Ken Turner, Mike Clarke, Steve Lapey and John Fitzgerald working the clamps to get one of the outside stems into position.

On March 7 we had a shop full of volunteers who came to install the keel. They included John Fitzgerald, Steve Hodge, Larry Meyer, Jeff Morrill, Ed Moses and Ken Turner. The new keel had been prepared in advance, however, the ends needed to be cut to the correct angle so they would join neatly with the outside stems. Some measuring, cutting and trimming ensued and soon the keel was bedded and screwed in place.

In the usual fashion the keel was secured with steel screws and cup washers that we made for the purpose since they are no longer available. The steel screws were then replaced with the correct brass ones.

At least five men sighting down the keel to check for alignment. After much discussion and adjusting everyone was satisfied with the alignment and the fit. We set it aside for the bedding compound to dry for a few days, then some primer and a first coat of enamel went on.

Norumbega Chapter News

The Robertson Project

By Steve Lapey
Photos by Jeff Morrill, Steve Lapey, Stuart Fall

On March 14 only Michael Clarke and Larry Meyer came to install the newly refinished seats, the thwart and to bend one end of the new outwales. Then we could start nailing down the new rail caps. The original seats were in pretty poor condition, but Ted Harrigan had taken the bow seat home with him weeks ago and returned it looking like new. Ed Moses did his magic on the stern seat and all they needed was a little stain and varnish before we put them in place.

Robertson had hung the seats and the thwart using steel bolts which were in their expected condition, rusted, stuck in place and almost impossible to get out. The replacements are stainless steel which will not be creating future problems.

The outwales had been soaking for a week, all we needed to do was put them in the steam box for 20 minutes or so and bend them to the bending jig as we had done with the other ends a few weeks ago. It sounds easy but making these edge bends requires several sets of hands and a bunch of clamps. The most important clamps are the ones holding the work flush against the form as the wood tends to take a twist as the curve is being forced into it. The outwales were left on the form for a few days before being set aside to be nailed in place at the proper time.

The rail caps were ready to nail in place after a fair amount of persuasion and a lot of clamping. On these closed gunwale canoes we can usually mount the rail caps without steaming, the edge bend is just about the limit of what we can do without something snapping.

We got lucky and nothing snapped. The caps were marked and pre drilled every 4" and we drove in the small copper nails that Ed Moses came up with that are exact duplicates of the original nails. Often these canoes use escutcheon pins for the rails, but this one was fastened with nails and that is what we went.

March 21 was a busy day at the canoe shop. Tom Bickford, Michael Clarke, Ted Harrigan, Steve Hodge, Larry Meyer, Jeff Morrill and Ed Moses arrived to install the new outwales. Again we used the small copper nails and pre drilled for each one. With the rail caps in place there was a little overhang at the sheer line that the outwales would be butted against to make a neat joint. The going was easy in the center area of the canoe but as we got near the ends a little steam was needed to ease the final foot into place at both sides at both ends. The very ends of the outwales are secured to the outside stem with very small brass screws.

Here we see Jeff Morrill swinging the left handed hammer driving in one of the copper nails.

Ted Harrigan, Tom Bickford and Larry Meyer are taking great interest as Michael Clark and Ed Moses work on one of the last nails to go in.

With the fresh green paint and the gleaming varnish the old girl is looking pretty good!

Norumbega's Robertson project was completed on April 11 when we drilled and installed the new brass stem bands. When the work was done we moved outside for a group photo. We were joined today by Stuart Fall, who was behind the camera, and from left to right, Bob Benedict, Steve Lapey, Ken Turner, Jeff Morrill, Steve Hodge and Greg O'Brien.

The stem bands were first polished, then marked and drilled using the new drilling jig made just for this purpose. This new jig allows us to drill a very small pilot hole exactly in the center of the stem band. The hole is enlarged and countersunk after the band is curved to fit the canoe. This way we avoid the kinks that often appear at the screw holes as the band is curved.

Attaching the bands to the new oak outer stems went smoothly, first we drilled a pilot hole and drove in a #4x1/4" steel screw every 5". Later we replaced the steel screws with the correct brass ones. This way we were fairly sure that the soft brass screws were not going to twist off going into that hard oak.

As a reward for working on the Robertson a drawing was held for the honor of paddling the canoe on our Father's Day outing on the Sudbury and Concord Rivers. The winner of the drawing was Michael Clarke. The plan was for the canoe to make its appearance on Father's Day and then return back to Groveland for a final coat of paint and any varnish touch up that may be necessary to have it ready to travel to Paul Smith's for the auction.

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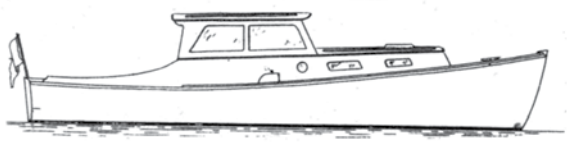

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St Mary's Bay Chronicles #18

The Unusual Journey of One Mackinaw Boat.

By Ernie Cassidy
New Edinburgh, Nova Scotia
Kudos or brickbats may be sent to:
upcloseconcerts@eastlink.ca

According to Howard Chapelle (and who's going to argue with him), "Three types of half decked boats, or ones having washboards, with two masted rigs were used on the Great Lakes. The third was a double ender of similar rig to the Lake sharpie rig built on Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, known as the 'Mackinaw boat.' The Mackinaw boat was also known as the 'Collingwood Skiff,' and the name Mackinaw was also applied to all the two masted lake boats in the western lakes area without distinction of type of hull."

For those of you who've been around for a while and read some of the books, the term "Mackinaw Boat" will conjure up a double ended boat, 25' to 35' in length, with two masts, flying a slightly larger foresail than mainsail (technically a ketch rig) and setting a jib on a well steeved bowsprit. The boats were characterized by a mild to springy sheer, a deep forefoot with a strong "chin," little drag to the keel and a raking sternpost. Firm bilges, with the beam carried well forward and long fine runs were also characteristics of the type. The typical construction was lapstrake planking over bent frames.

These boats reached the height of their popularity in the mid 1880s. They were fast, smart sailers, though not as capable in rough conditions as other types, the Block Island Cowhorns and No Man's Land boats being among the best in this respect. There were, of course, local variations and adaptations of the type. Some were schooner rigged, some had little deadrise while others had quite a lot. Jibs came later in the development of the type. Firm bilges were typical, had their feet wide apart, as they say.

This is the story of one Mackinaw boat, a new one, begun in 1999, and her remarkable journey from a back yard in Charleston, South Carolina, to her home and cruising ground in and around Wedgeport, Nova Scotia. The story begins with Roy Mandel's decision to build a Mackinaw boat. Long time subscribers (really long time, back to 1991) might remember another story about a cruise on Roy's previous boat, a pinked stern Eastport carry away boat. (see *Messing About in Boats*, Vol 9, No.15).

This boat, *Lesser Blue*, was built by David Westergard (recently featured in *WoodenBoat* magazine) in 1978-79, at his shop on Surrette's Island, Nova Scotia. Though used as a pleasure boat, she was not built as a yacht, she was built and finished much the same as the original work boats. Some of her construction was photographically documented by Roy.

Long since sold off to someone who proved to be an uncaring owner, Roy rediscovered the boat in 1991, sitting forlornly in

Yarmouth Harbor where she was being used (and used up) as a floating storage shed for a depressing array of junk and as a fender between a scallop dragger and a steel wharf. A tribute to her builder, she had managed to survive all this abuse and two sinkings in sufficient soundness to be repairable and restorable, by someone with the dedication and determination to make it happen.

Having just moved back to Nova Scotia from the province of Quebec, Roy rescued the boat from its owner who, it turned out, had let her go to wrack and ruin out of bitterness and disappointment over a failed dream of cruises to far off exotic places. A month of cleanup and repairs restored her sufficiently to sail her to her new home in Annapolis Royal, a singularly apt home port for a 19th century fishing boat and only 80 miles ESE of Eastport, Maine. Further cleaning and repairs continued, more or less from then on, as is the way with wooden boats.

Some years after that cruise reported in *MAIB,* family responsibilities required Roy and his wife and partner, Maggie, to relocate to Charleston, South Carolinta. They decided to make the trip in *Lesser Blue*. Quite by coincidence, prompted by a comment I had made in Chronicle No 17, Roy wrote me to say that their one night in the harbor at Cape Porpoise, Maine, was the only time Maggie cried during the whole trip.

A few words about Roy, who you might think would be the least likely boat builder imaginable. Roy's resumé includes working on a dairy farm, as a lobster fisherman (with Maggie as the hired hand!), owning and operating a huge dairy goat farm, as well as doing interior design and renovation, all in partnership with Maggie, in some of those stately Charleston homes you sometimes see in high zoot magazines. In addition to all this, Roy is an incredibly gifted and skilled painter, turning out still lifes in what is called (I think) a photo realistic style, but is really an artful, almost impressionistic, representation of inanimate objects that magically acquire an animated, vibrating life on Roy's canvasses. Maggie is also a gifted painter, working in an abstract expressionist style, though never limited or inhibited by that label. Both have paintings in galleries in Halifax and Montreal, as well as in a new studio adjacent to their home.

Frankly, the thought of Roy running those precious fingers fractions of an inch from band saw blades, circular saws and razor sharp chisels gives me the shivers. Believe me, I know, I'm a guitar player who once tried to arm wrestle a 10" table saw and lost the match. Thanks to an incredibly gifted micro surgeon who saved all the fingers, and most of the joints, I can still play the guitar, not that well, but no worse either.

In the end, *Lesser Blue* lost the battle against time, the warm, humid southern climate and some neglect resulting from her people being too busy earning a living to give her the ever increasing care she required. So Roy decided to build another boat, a Mackinaw boat, in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1999. You might be wondering why someone would choose to build a Mackinaw boat in South Carolina. Here's why, in Roy's own words.

"In 1965 or '66 a tugboat captain in Winthrop, Massachusetts, was completing an early model 44' pinky schooner and hauled it from his back yard to the parking lot of the Pleasant Park Yacht Club. This was where my grandfather kept his boat. I was at Mass College of Art. A boat lover classmate and I were shown through the bare interior where the builder was feeding a potbelly stove for heat. Must have been very early spring.

"I was very dazzled by the shape and structure and when launched and rigged she was the essence of something I have no words for. Stout scantlings, low to the water deck, so that the sea would just wash over her while she sat like a duck. The solid masts were about the same height, the stem close to plumb, the sheer especially toward the stern curving like a sea bird's tail. The image of this boat was fixed in my brain. So when the moment to do my boat arrived I simply found a plan of manageable scale that could have this paradigm superimposed on it. From an aesthetic point of view it was a no brainer.

"Then the more I researched the Mackinaw history the better I liked it on its own. The originals were adopted as the utilitarian vessel by the dirt poor Ojibway folks around Lake Superior. They built them on the ground like they'd built their bark canoes and many were built very rough using recycled nails and scraps of wood found along the road but the finished product was graceful, seaworthy and lovable."

Roy had limited boat building experience and skills, some acquired when restoring *Lesser Blue*, and others from time spent hanging around and helping out in David Westergard's boat shop. Of course, hanging around and helping in a boat shop is a bit like trying to become a pharmacist by hanging around and helping out in a pharmacy. So Roy did what all would be boat builders do, he got the books. Howard Chapelle, Bud McIntosh's wonderfully readable, and insightful, *How to Build a Wooden Boat,* Walter Simmons' great books on lapstrake boat building and a couple of others. Not everyone succeeds at this building from a book thing, it takes patience and a willingness to recognize your mistakes and being prepared to rip it out and do it over again. But then, Pete Culler said that, "Experience starts when you begin."

Roy was aided by the fact that he was in no hurry. Unlike your humble scribe, for whom boat building is a means to an end (i.e., using the boat) not an end in itself, Roy was completely at peace with the study and learning and the inevitable trial and error process of teaching himself how to accomplish each individual step. When we were talking about this, in preparation for my writing this Chronicle, I thought we would spend an hour discussing the whole construction sequence, from start to finish.

With rapt enthusiasm, Roy spent almost an hour explaining how he shaped the keel, and then cut the rabbet, with all the tricky angles and the rolling bevel. I was so caught up in his enthusiasm that I never did get as much detail as I had planned on and would have liked. His keenness was simply too genuine and heartfelt to interrupt him with my journalist's questions. Work began, as always, with the strongback building foundation and the keel. Sided at 8'' at its maximum thickness, trimming down to a $2^{1}/_{4}$'' stem and $2^{3}/_{4}$'' stern post, the keel was a complete learning experience all by itself.

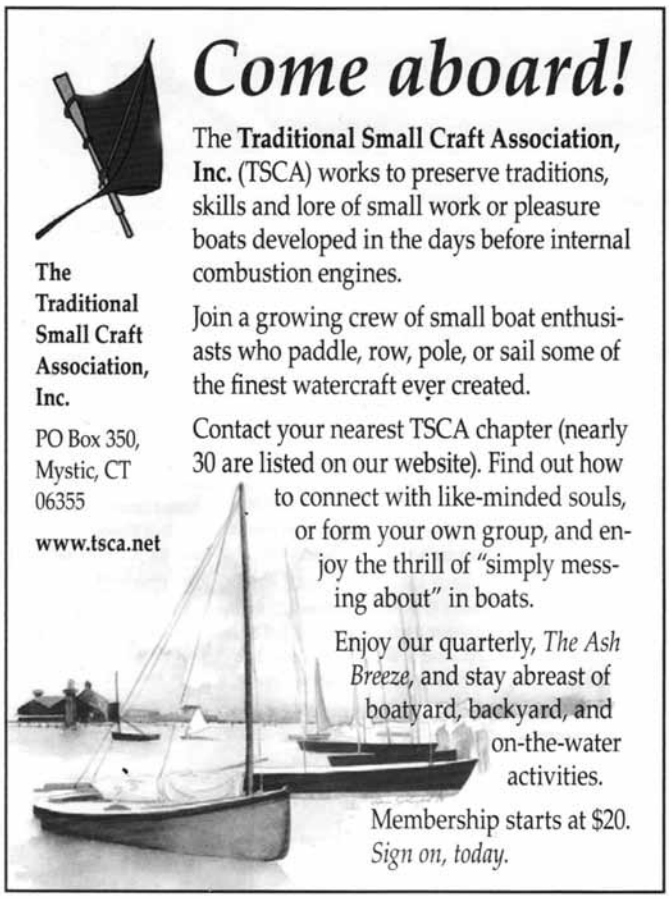
By the time Roy and Maggie decided to move back to Nova Scotia in 2005 the boat was framed up, battened out and there were three planks hung each side. It was a painstaking process and had to be fitted in with the vicissitudes of earning a living and looking after Maggie's increasingly frail mother. There is neither time nor space to go through the entire step by step sequence of the boat's construction, nor should it be necessary. In the end, it took ten years to complete the project and *Mariasha* was finally launched in 2009. *Mariasha* is the Hebrew name Roy's wife adopted when she converted to Judaism.

At this point the idea was to morph this narrative over to a cruise we did in *Mariasha* last September. And we'll get to that, sometime. However, I've put myself hard against another publication deadline and one of those surprises (happy, in this case) that turns everything upside down has happened to us. All those fine plans I talked about in Chronicle No 17 have been thrown into a cocked hat due to the acquisition of yet another boat.

This one is a 24' cruising sloop, offered to me by Delbé, the now retired local yacht club Commodore, at a price that could not be turned down, the amount of which, given the nature of the boat (sleeping accommodations for four adult size North American adults), the condition she is in (excellent) and the amount of work Delbé is putting into it before handing it over (considerably more than anyone could reasonably expect) I am not going to disclose, for fear of embarrassing him and myself.

Needless to say, this has hijacked all the fancy plans outlined last month. So I'm suddenly getting one boat ready to sell, *Ellie-Xander*, one bigger boat ready to put in the water after 20 years in storage, *Sensible Kate*, and doing some work on the Swamscott dory (not renamed yet) which may not get a sailing rig this year but will still live out on the new mooring in front of the house (when I finally get that set).

Oh, and I'm playing my first gig at Hinterland Adventures for their Canada Day Moonlight Paddle and fireworks. Traded an hour and a half of songs for a tandem kayak trip down the river by full moon. So the Chronicles are taking off in a whole new, unplanned, unexpected but very exciting direction. Stay tuned, lots more to come.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

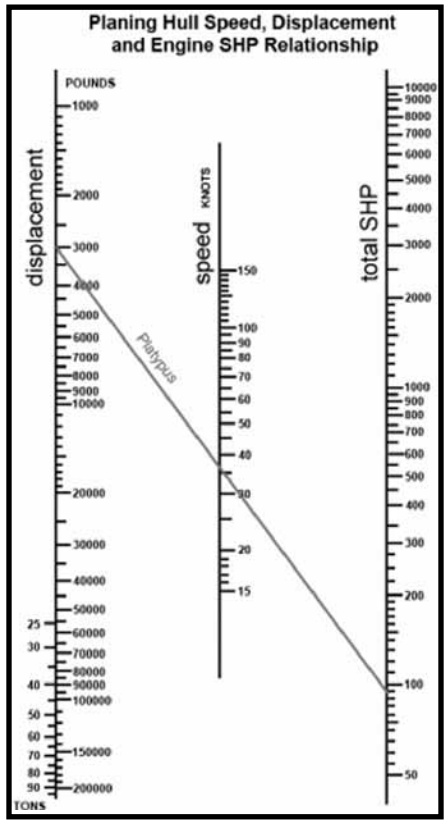
I looked at the Duckworks site that tells all the happenings with boat blogs. There are tons of them and I looked at some and am not sure why people do them. Is there money to be made with blogs? I'm no doubt missing something. I also don't do messaging on my phone, don't have any idea how to tweet and don't understand why anyone would want to know what I had for dinner on Facebook.

Helen has a friend in Cornwell, wherever that is, some place in the British Isles, I think. Those places always seem to have neat boats. They aren't replicas of old boats, they are actual old boats and the whole damn country is full of them. This friend lives in a castle of some sort so maybe we need to visit.

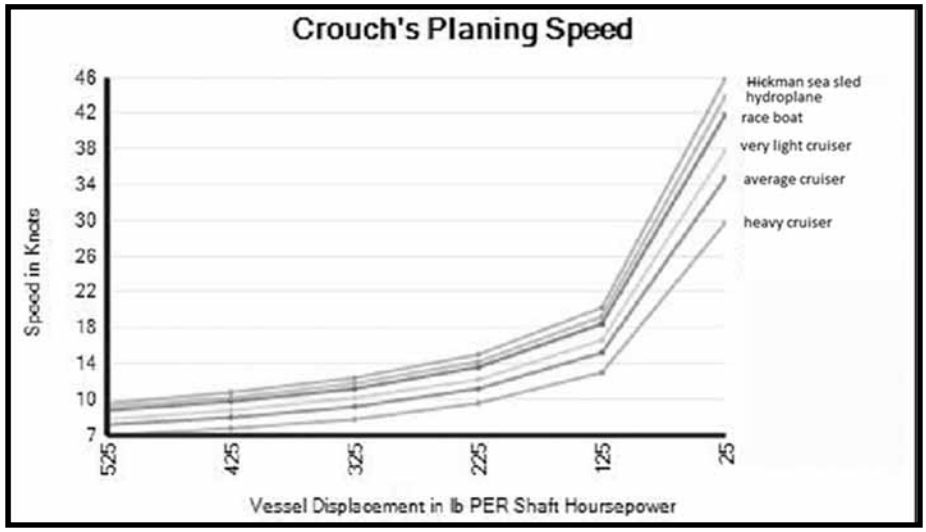
This is the motor I traded. It's exactly a hundred years old this year. Howard rebuilt it like new but we didn't have the gumption to start it. It takes a real man to grab the little handle and give it a big pull. All we could do is get our hands hurt trying. The Crystal River guys got it running and it purrs like a kitten. They have a video of it running on their Facebook site. We really don't know our limitations but when this damn thing about broke my hand we figured it was time to let it go. We still have a very old Palmer #27 marine engine and it has a starter so we'll make a boat for that one.

This is the latest on my fast commuter. I've stated the reason for owning a boat several times in the past but I'll say it again 'cause you guys still don't get it. The ONLY reason to own a boat is to have a good place to drink beer in public without going to jail. And the corollary to that is that if you're out in the water drinking beer you should have a comfortable boat. If it's not as comfortable as sitting in your easy chair at home you need to go back to the drawing board. You don't really think guys go out in boats to fish or sail or ski do you? Get real, they go to drink beer.

I've done my research on boats and have determined that this boat will do 35 or 40mph with a 50hp motor, Crazy Steve says that I'm full of shit and won't get more than 30. Here's my reasoning. I'm keeping a careful eye on the weight of this one and have determined that the bare hull will weight 900lbs. The motor and all of the equipment and gas and me and crew will weigh another 1,000lbs. So how fast can a better than average planning hull go? Let's see.



Based on my extensive knowledge of hydrodynamics, thermodynamics, planodynamics and pretty much everything else, I've determined that my fast commuter will easily achieve a speed of 35 knots with a 50hp Suzuki or in real speed, 40mph. So get ready to pay up Stevo. Some of you dumb asses questioned my statement that the most efficient hull design for a displacement boat is flat bottom, straight side, sharp chine with a beam to length ratio greater than 5 but wide enough to hold your fat ass.



I don't care how much money you have, your Tiki hut and surrounding area is no match for the one here at the Happy Hour Club, you don't have the bunch of booze swilling boat bums who hang around to entertain and amaze. Merritt sent me this one of his place, I think. It's pretty cool but can he tell his visitors to hit the road if they didn't bring beer? We had the cops show up here once and the first thing I said was did they bring beer. They naturally said no so I told them to hit the road. The guys in the hut were shocked 'til they realized that I knew the fuzz.

San Salvador, this is a full scale build that Annie from San Diego sent me. OK you Crystal River guys, screw that simple little 30' flat bottom stuff, go for a real boat for a change. You can put the make and break in it.

I know better than to mention foam kayaks again but I will as long as you don't ask me any dumb ass nit picky questions. Did you know that I don't even like kayaks? Hell, I'm almost out of sailboats for that matter, I like to turn the key and it goes. Anyway, here's the latest from Lance and it's a beauty. It's so pretty I just have to show you.

He made it for his daughter Nicole and she decorated it, a mermaid holding a giant beer mug, what a girl. Before you ask me any stupid questions about how he did it, let me say that Lance followed my instruction that you all have seen in a previous issue, it took exactly an hour and a half to cut out the foam shape and tack them all together. This is not rocket science, it's styrofoam, for god sake. He did that here at my shop cause it's out in the woods and then took it home to shape and glass.

So if you have questions go back and find the one where I told you how to do it. If you'd like a full size pattern of this thing you're in luck, Duckworks online is going to be offering them to you. It won't be for a couple of weeks cause Chuck the Duck is off beating himself to death in the Texas 200. Simon came by last weekend to try one out and saw that you can pick one up and use it for a hat. I gave him a GPS for him to see how fast he could go and he got 4.6 knots out of it with a bendy Greenland style paddle. He said that he could get 5.1 in his full blown racing boat with his super paddle. The thing that amazed us the most was him sculling the thing sideways. He was sitting off the dock talking to me and the wind kept blowing him in so he was just sculling to keep in place when he noticed that he could haul ass sideways against the wind. He played with that for ten minutes and could make it go any which way he wanted.

If any of you guys in North Central Florida need a great builder for your custom boat check out Paul Riccelli Yacht Design and Restoration at http://paryachts.blogspot.com. paryachts.com/. I know, that's like trying to sell ice to an Eskimo, all of you guys like to build your own boats but you never know, maybe you're tired of your wife bitching about you not finishing the inside of things smooth enough, oh sorry, that's my wife.

Here's a lapstrake melonseed Paul just finished for one of you guys. I bet everything is smooth, wonder what his wife bitches about?

I almost feel bad about subjecting you to this next bit of brilliance from Pop-I Schuster. He comes across these little jewels from time to time. Anything Pop-I and Whalen have to say is educational, kind of like Mark Twain. You don't really know that you've been snookered 'til later.

Looka this called "Old Florida Skipjack." Some boom (boom envy). I think I can see the transom, while the hull appears quite square to the viewer. I can't figure out what the hell is going on with the cabin and side deck with regard to the boxes of (probably) oranges. Do you think they are tilted up to show their wares? That appears to be the case on the cabin top, but that doesn't explain the smootched out cabin and deck. The whole boat seems to be boosted up, but not in an attitude as if grounded, but maybe drag in the keel is hiking up the booty. It does seem to be low tide if that's a stone quay in the background, which seems unusual for Florida. With the little boats, the whole thing seems like a bad airbrushing job, unless the had a hand crank version of Photoshop. Sign me "Puzzled."

Mike Burwell built this little boat, I think he said it's a wherry or or cherry or something like that. He's showing the cheap ass white wood mast he made, like I've always said, it'll turn you over before it'll break.

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In the Feedback Booth

More on Punts: They seem to be more common than we thought. Here is a photo of our George Spragg in his personally built rowing punt of his own design, rowing this May using his forward facing oars to good advantage. Creativity based on a ubiquitous design.

For those of you who enjoy Off Center Harbor.com, a punt is featured in their recent video from Tasmania. It is a lapstrake butt ended boat with buoyancy enough forward to stand and fend off giant Huon logs, but light enough to be dragged up rushing river gorges. Often they were built up in the mountains by the loggers themselves. They often had three layers of garboard strakes to fend off rocks. Tough guys in tough boats.

Feedback from New Zealand: From a reader of our webpage, a query regarding Mr Cleat's experience rowing and sailing a Bolger Harbinger Catboat. I know he took *Cactus Wren*, at least twice up on the Maine Island Trail and plans to do it again this summer so I'll try to find Cleat and get him to reply. I know he was in upstate New York opening his camp but he should be back soon.

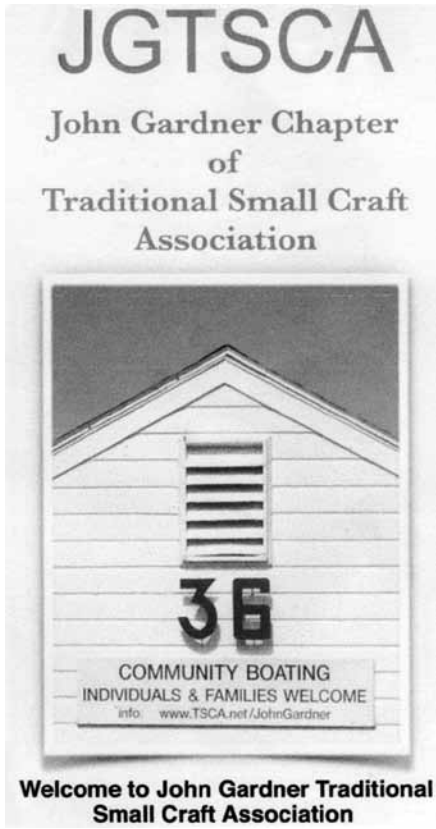
Regards, Padeye

Around the Boat Shops

At our own Avery Point Community Boathouse the *Nina* skiff is progressing nicely. Led by George Spragg with Andy Strode, Rob Pittaway and your Editor working on Wednesdays and assisted by the general membership on Friday evenings, the rub rails are on, thwarts and spars varnished and painting commenced. Centerboard and rudder are under construction by Bruce Cresser and John Symons, respectively, soon to be installed. The goal is a launching at the WoodenBoat Show. Come join the fun.

At Home Boat Shops, Peter Vermilya has his Ducker in frame with planking about to start, George Spragg has the first of two fishing boats built on spec about done with a second not far behind and your Editor has finished wrestling with the odd bevels for the skirt pieces on his grandson's sea chest. Progress is being made on all fronts.

At the Seaport Boathouse excitement prevailed as catboat *Elvira G. Tucker* was launched after seven years of intermittent construction! Led by Jim McGuire, staff and volunteers Ed Rothman and Ted Stanton with name proudly painted by your publisher, Karen Rutherford, *Elvira* is now afloat, mostly, as she soaks up in readiness to participate in the Tuesday night Beetle Cat races at the seaport. Fourteen boats are in the water at the Boatyard floating docks with another three on moorings. Catboat *Breck Marshall* was rigged and then hauled at the Shipyard for bottom and topsides paint.



Welcome to John Gardner Traditional Small Craft Association

Boat of the Month
Traditional
Chesapeake Bay Crab Skiff

By Mr Cleat

We hardworking Seaport Boathouse volunteers were enjoying the benches in the sun warmed breeze overlooking the floating results of our winter labors when a pleasant fellow with a recognizable Maryland Eastern Shore accent stopped by to admire our bit of floating history. Seems he is a sportsman trot liner who was bemoaning the loss of his "skaag built" Privateer powerboat sold, by the way, to a downeaster who drove all the way from Maine to trailer it home. He was disappointed with his "skaagless" replacement boat, even with its twin outboards, because it tended to slide sideways and tangle props in the $^{5}/_{16}$" trot line with chicken necks spliced in every 6'. Not fun to untangle.

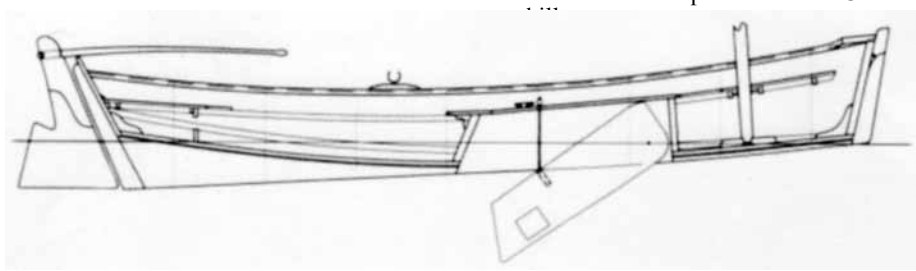
I immediately suggested a new boat, a Chesapeake Bay Crab Skiff of, say 15' with a fine, long skeg (we New Englanders pronounce it "skeg" for some unknown reason, but he did not mind) with a strong bow to handle that notorious Bay chop and a small spritsail to replace his two gas guzzlers. Its deadrise aft echoes the famous skipjack stern and we all know how well they slip through the water, dredging under sail. He seemed dubious at first but admired the idea of a rudder that ended flush with the skeg to keep from catching crab trap buoy lines.

At about that point in the conversation I had to go back to trying to repair a broken centerboard for *Helen Packer*, the Seaford Skiff anxiously waiting to get sailing again in time to entertain the weekend visitors since the Boathouse Livery is now open weekends. Before parting, however, we exchanged emails and he expressed an interest in attending the St Michaels meet in October, a fine time for weather on the Eastern Shore. If he does come, I will introduce him to Karl Stambaugh who designed the beautiful Windward 15 Chesapeake Bay Crab Skiff which he later stretched to 17', then enlarged to a 21 footer. See his "Windward Designs" booklet or visit his website at Chesapeake Marine Design www.CMDBoats.com and click Small Boats under 30'.

I also pointed our visitor to Doug Hylan's 15' Chesapeake Crab Skiff which is featured in a beautiful Off CenterHarbor.com video, sailing and rowing around a Maine lake fishing camp. A Maine designer and boat builder, he must have been smitten with Chapelle's crab skiffs on his way down to his Georgia winter home. He started with a 13' skiff which grew to 15', my personal preference. I purchased a set of plans, I admire the simple sprit rig with its light mast that even a young guy like me can simply walk forward and step. If that old catboat mast gets any heavier, I may have a new crab skiff on my mooring. See it on www.dhylanboats.com. Click on Stock Plans and go to the Little Crab design and click on 15' Crab Skiff design.

Construction of these two skiffs is plywood screw and glue which could be modified to stitch and glue if you enjoy sanding fillets. Beam is 5' or less so they row easily and move right along with a small outboard or even better with an electric trolling motor. There is a slight vee to the bottom forward that increases aft for quarters that slide by with minimal wake. Nice boat for a sail to Bluff Point beach, a moonlight sail in Stonington Harbor or leave the sail home for a wine and cheese electric cruise to Sandy Point. (Photo and plan from Doug Hylan's website.)

Fair winds and put a bottle of Chablis



A Selection from the Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

"My Dream Boat"

By Frank Stauss

The featured subject at our May meeting was member presentations on their "Dream Boats," some very interesting revelations follow:

Carol Jones' fave is the Massachusetts Maritime Academy's training ship. It's configured like a very large ocean going freighter but is only about 50' long. When seen approaching it appears to be a ship and requires maneuvering to avoid being hit, but then the realization dawns that it's only a few hundred yards away. If it were mine I'd go down the Tuckahoe River for drinks at the Tuckahoe Inn and terrorize everyone who's tied up at the dock.

Mike Wick's dream boat is his *Pepita*. She's well behaved in heavy weather but is also handy for finding refuge in small creeks. Mike brought a very pretty mixed media drawing he made of *Pepita*, which he said was inspired by Andy Slavinskas.

Bill Covert has 11 boats but would like even more! He likes Dusters, Herreshoff 12½s, Bullseyes and especially Herreshoff's Meadowlark. Such a boat was available for sale but Bill, recognizing the enormity of owning such a boat, bought a Rhodes 18 instead. He satisfies his desire for long skinny boats with leeboards by sailing canoes.

Paul Skalka used to drool over a 28' cutter with inboard diesel, though he would change it to gaff rig. But now he's enjoying his ninth season with his 14' Handicat, he can rig, trailer and launch it easily by himself but he does kind of wish it was wood. He previously owned a Highlander, a 20' fast racer that needed a big crew to handle it. His praise for his Handicat? "She brings me home every time."

Bruce Robbins' dream boat is the 18' schooner he owned in 1981, a Long Island Sound Drag Boat appropriately named *Lois S Drabo*. She had a 7' bowsprit and 600lbs of external ballast. Bruce made an epic voyage in her in the '80s from New England to Tuckahoe and still dreams about her.

Bill S grew up with neat sailboats, a 57' Chris Craft and a 28' mahogany runabout. He did a lot of offshore racing and sailed Huey Long's 85' *Ondine* from Atlantic City to Puerto Rico. His dreamboat was *Barefoot II*, a 34' 30 passenger catamaran that he skippered in Puerto Rico, taking tourists for rides. It was designed and built by Dick Duran. Bill rerigged it with go fast fittings so he could beat the local boats. Now he skippers *Skimmer*, a nature tour boat out of Cape May. It's a pontoon boat with a single outboard so Bill's sailing skills come in handy.

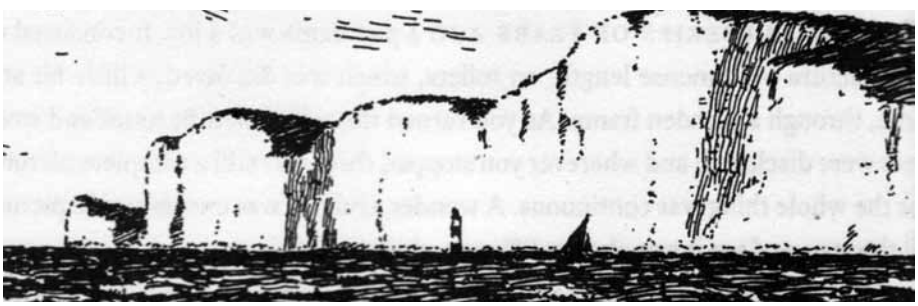
John Guidera spent his childhood amidst the wooden catboats, sneakboxes and rowboats of Holgate but waited to learn to sail until his 40s. He owned a Tanzer 22 for ten years but a rough trip in Chesapeake Bay, with an uncooperative motor, discouraged his family from further adventures afloat. John heard about Melonseeds, met Roger Crawford and Roger Allen and ordered his dreamboat from Tom Jones in 1997. Tom and John became good friends. John's boat has two sails, one 62sf and the other 70sf. He's capsized twice, both times in races but continues to love his boat.

Al's dream boat would be a sharpie. He has read *The Sharpie Book* 30 times and would love to own a Meadowlark but knows it's too much boat. During a snowstorm in Germantown a neighbor offered him a 14' sailing Amesbury Dory. Al says, "There's nothing as expensive as a free boat!" There's a 51'4"loa Reuel Parker on craigslist but Al is ignoring it. He's a volunteer on *Gazela*, partly to satisfy his big boat dreams.

Tom Etherington had a 14' Bolger Micro with 400lb keel and 2' draft but found it not useful for his purposes. His dreamboat is the replica of Captain Cook's *Endeavour*, on which he sailed from Philadelphia to New York as the foremast topsail crew. As a result of that trip Tom is always looking for something to climb.

Carl Weissinger worked at a boatyard as a kid. He became entranced by beautiful sheerlines after reading and rereading Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft*. He also still enjoys Chapelle's elegant verbiage. He likes Melonseeds and the New York Bay sloop that he built.

My own dreamboat is the Herreshoff 12½. I started sailing in 1995, built a Shellback Dinghy at the *WoodenBoat* School and took a sailing class the following year. While I like my present boat, the Core Sound 17, I really admire Mike's boat very much. Maybe someday…



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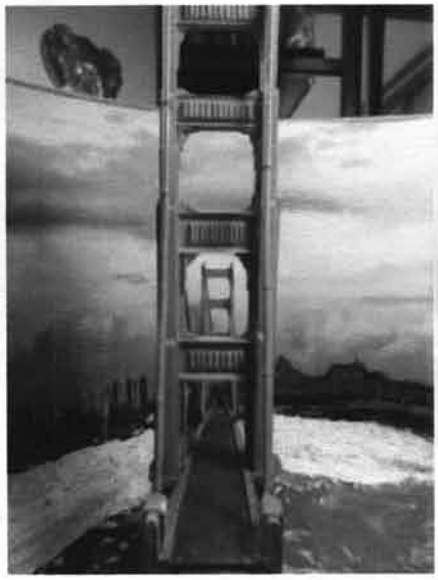


Making parts vanishing into the distance is a challenge. Byron accepted and met it. Great turbulent waters, too.
Photos by Byron Rosenbaum.

Golden Gate Diorama

By Byron Rosenbaum
Submitted by Irwin "Pop-I" Schuster

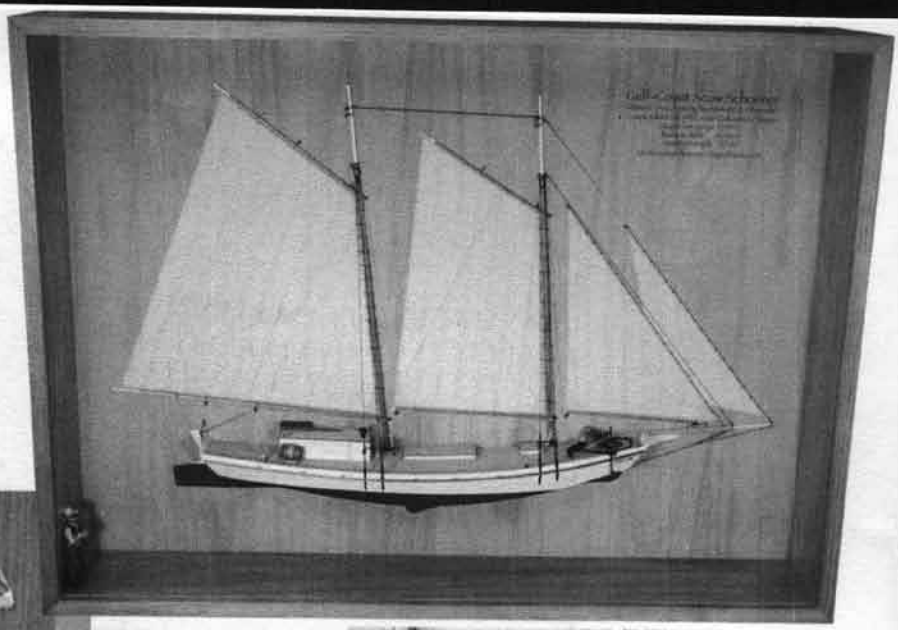
Byron Rosenbaum: "The GGBridge panorama is now officially a "nautical" piece. After the sculpting using plaster mesh, painting is next. Last is water with waves." – Regards, Byron

(Later) This model has been in the works for a long time with several delays but now it's completed.
(NEXT) This is the official photograph. Building with a distance compressed presents some interesting problems. I've often admired the "stage set carpenters" who build a set that is 50 ft deep to look like a mile.

This project is stage designed. That made it more interesting. Could I squeeze 3 miles into 12"?
Each part (in theory) has to be smaller than the preceding neighboring part to create the look of distance, which means that each part is a unique size and must be formed separately. That took a lot of time. Take for instance the main bridge cable that get thinner as it recedes into the distance. It starts at 1/8" diameter reducing down to 1/32" diameter at the SF end.

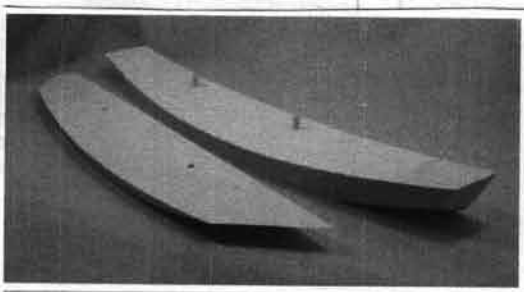
The landscape material and water effects resin came from a local model RR local supplier. Instead of the model being a rectangular box, the 2 rear corners are cut off at 45 degrees just missing the curved 180 degree back shaped plywood. This permits the model to be placed in a corner setting. Irene is still looking for an empty corner but so far none have been found. Maybe I'll just take it to bed with me.
(Byron responds to my question:) First came the calm waters using clear resin, then the rough and waves were added using "water effects" #c1212, by Woodland Scenics.

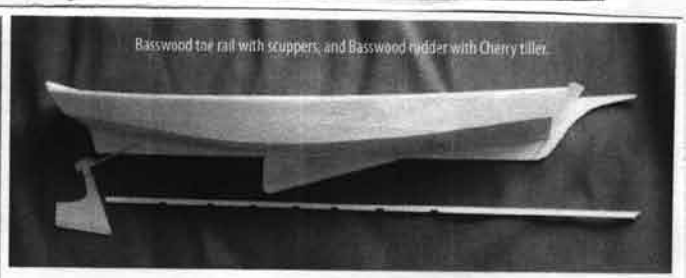
MARITIME MODELS BY IRWIN SCHUSTER

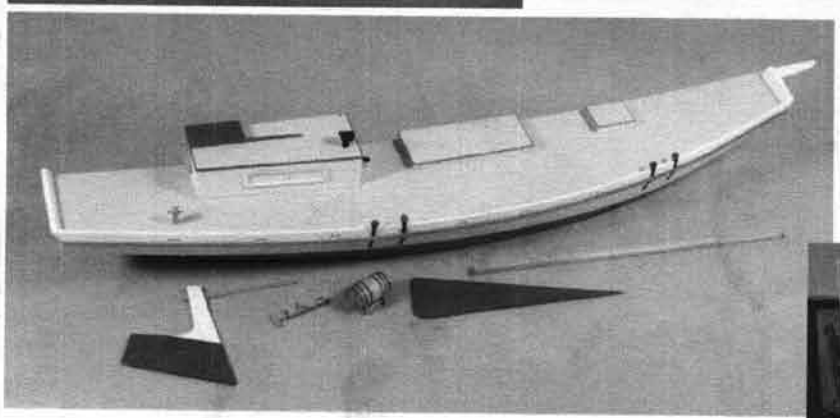


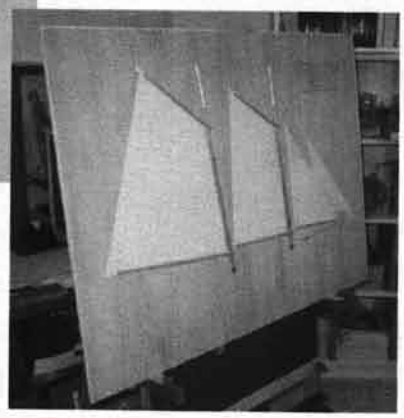
Gulf Coast Scow Schooner

Coastal "truck" of late 1800s >.
37'-7.5"LBP.
Lines taken 1941 by Howard I. Chapelle.
1/22.5 Model built 2015.
Odd scale dictated by available space.
Hull HDPU Foam with Cherry details.



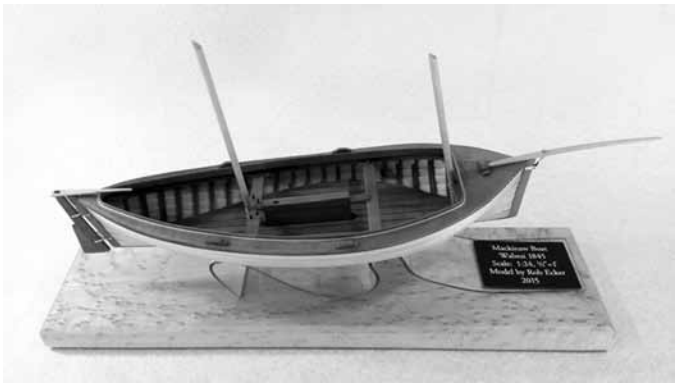






This model is destined for Port Aransas, TX, where a full scale hull resides. It is planned to complete her and conduct programs aboard.

Above are progress shots of the High Density Polyurethane foam hull parts, split at the waterline to facilitate painting. HDPU, used for architectural signs, is easy to work, and lathered in wood filler, takes a fine finish. The decks of this model are "canvassed" with muslin and painted with craft acrylic. Shown at right is the background mounting board, a digital print containing a wood grain pattern, sails and title block. Half spars, half hoops, half blocks and other half hardware items are being mounted and rigging installed.



Small World Update

By Rob Ecker

Mackinaw Boat *Wabesi*

The 39th annual Midwestern Model Ship and Boat contest, held May 16 and 17 at the Wisconsin Maritime Museum in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, was well attended with modelers from across the US and visitors. It attracted modelers from ten states and featured 50 models from Junior through Advanced levels. It included scratch, kit, operational and nautical art and an r/c boat pond outdoors. Next year will be the 40th anniversary on May 20-22, 2016. Watch www.wisconsinmaritime.org/special-events for updates. You may view pictures from the museum's Facebook page at www.wisconsinmaritime.org.

My entry at the intermediate level, scratch built, was of the 1845 Mackinaw Boat *Wabesi*. I received a Gold award and the Roger Jackel, Best of the Great Lakes Award. We are encouraging interested parties to be involved in next year's 40th Anniversary Contest. I encourage your consideration of the small world approach to boats and building. It's challenging, interesting and stores easily.

My intended boat for next year's show is a Richardson Boat from Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin. It is a 14'-16' fishing boat built in the '40s and '50s. Very little written information is available, no plans, but existing boats are available. If any readers can help, please contact me at robecker@charter.net.

Mackinaw Boat *Wabesi* History

The Mackinaw boat was the workhorse of the upper Great Lakes prior to powered boats and were used for fishing and as the pickup trucks to the small communities along the lakeshores.

Howard I. Chapelle, in *American Small Sailing Craft,* describes it as "a double ender of 18' to 30' in length, plumb stemmed, marked rake to the stern port, short foredeck, two masted (usually gaff ketch), round bottomed, fitted with a centerboard and sporting a jib set on a hogged bowsprit, planked either lapstrake or carvel. The original waters of use, the upper Great Lakes, often associated with the Straights of Mackinaw."

Plans of the Mackinaw Boat, *Wabesi,* which was built about 1845 at St Ignace, Michigan, by Shaney and owned by Joseph Osoqwin of Hessel, Michigan, were drawn by Olivier A. Birge, I received them from Jim Brotz who obtained them from Taubman Plan Service.

The *Wabesi* had an incredible life of 70 active years. It was reported that she could carry at least a ton of supplies or 15 to 20 people.

Mackinaw Boat *Wabesi* Construction

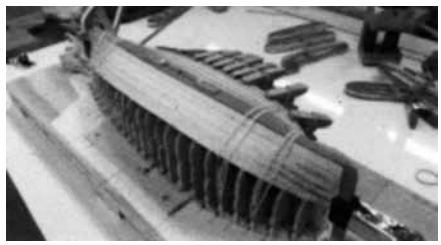
The model is built 1:24 scale or $^1/_2$"=1' and represents fresh construction, ready for the rigging. I chose not to do rigging and sails primarily because I want to focus on construction and I don't know how to sew. The primary woods used are pear for bow and stern stems, keel, centerboard and case, deck and floor planks, thwarts and knees; basswood for planks, applied lapstrake and coaming molding; apple was used for ribs, oarlocks and bowsprit hold down; boxwood was used for the bowsprit and rudder handle. The base is Bird's Eye maple from the Keweenaw Peninsula and plexiglass.

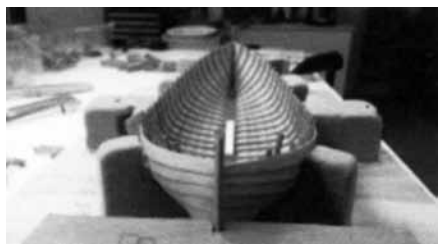
Forms of $^1/_8$" ply were made for each rib position and mounted to a baseboard. Bow and stern with keel added next, then on to the planking starting at the keel. Upon completion and clean up of the interior it was oiled with Watco and left to dry before installation of ribs. Clean up after ribs and floor fitting was followed by thwarts, knees and up to the deck.

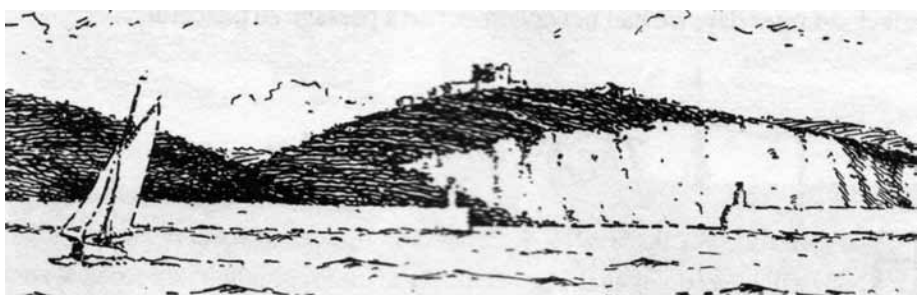
Making the "jewelry" of brass stock was tedious but necessary to finish the physical construction to ready for rigging. Loctite Ultra Liquid Control Cyanoacrylate is the adhesive I used. Following the limited plan required imagining "how would they have done it?" many times and at least once led me up the wrong path when I engineered the floor boards to be removable before realizing that the thwarts would not allow it after all.

Resources that helped:

Jim Brotz – modeler, mentor
Howard I. Chapelle, *Boatbuilding, A Complete Han dbook of Wooden Boat Construction*
Ships in Scale magazine
Messing About in Boats magazine
MicroMart Small Tools – parts and supplies
Byrnes Model Machines – Table saw and sander







Boat Trailers

By Dan Rogers

I think boat trailers are a whole lot like shoes. Some are shiny and stylish. Some comfortably broken in and fit well. But most of 'em, most of mine anyway, have hidden flaws and a few obvious foibles that just make life at the launch ramp harder than it needs to be. Sometimes it's simple stuff like tail light placement, a lousy spot for the tongue jack, wrong sized tires, stuff like that. Sometimes it's worse.

Take little *Punkin' Seed*'s vintage (probably even factory built) lightweight little trailer. The best I can say is that it's cute. And there isn't a lot of interest in cute boat trailers within my rather limited circle. Nothing seems to be a standard dimension or gauge. There are some pretty remarkable features. I won't say that the "integral hub" tires or that itty bitty axle hung from those itty bitty leaf springs are so much on the "remarkable" side of the ledger. I suppose the original builder/owner/salesman thought it was the best compromise. But get this:

Punkin' Seed's trailer can't weigh over 300lbs soaking wet. The empty tongue weight can't be more than the collection of nuts, bolts and wrenches that end up in my pants pockets when I throw 'em into the washer after a mechanical fix it session. And yet this little rig was born with a TILT TONGUE setup. Way cool. And totally useless as designed. I'm betting this little getup pre dates the built in the '70s hull by a couple decades. That's judging by the number of colors and layers of paint if nothing else. The nameplate is totally illegible.

Tilt tongue trailers are supposed to let the boat slide downhill into the water like so many cow pies or gravel or rose bush clippings sliding outta a tipped up wheel barrow. But with the geometry of the thing, it needs a lot of weight at the rear end of the contraption to make it tilt. And a plywood sailboat without a motor on the butt is decidedly not heavy in the rear. And yet, the short tongue and narrow wheelbase of this rig just cries out for a way to get the boat into the water from her high perch on that little candy assed trailer frame. And that brings us back to the tilt tongue setup.

Each and every one of my polyglot mix of "real" boat trailers is blessed with drop axles and long tongues to facilitate doing the deed at the ramp. This one just doesn't play well with others, or at least not until I was looking through my "spares" pile for something else. I think I was actually looking for a piece of angle stock to mount something on *Little Alice*, the tractor or something non related like that. And behold! There it was, a retired trailer tongue jack worm screw housing. Yep. No crank handle. No wheel. Greasy and kinda rusty.

First off I tried it as an adjustable bow chock and as a "launcher" on the order of with heavier boats in the past. Then inspiration truly struck. I think I used it once as a launching aid for *Lady Bug* before I made things even more complicated for that particular boat trailer combo to function. Just the thing for my dilemma of getting *Punkin' Seed* down into the water and back up on the trailer without resorting to lots of lurching and shoving on my part, always a bad option. Especially when I can complicate something with a "really cool" innovation.

Behold, the non patent pending little device each and every one of you will want for your own trailer(s). Simply put a shallow $^{3}/_{4}$" socket and ratchet handle to the specially mated Nylox nuts and lock washer on the once crank handle shaft. About a 10º separation among the rival trailer tongues will result in about an 18" drop of the once aloof sailboat hind quarters. And taa dah! She just slides into the water like a wheelbarrow load of those bovine trail markers I was talking about.

The trailer here is tilted up at about 15º and I could roll the boat off onto the garage floor with the bow line released. Just a few quarter rotations with a wrench! There's more. But you've probably seen all the Too Cool Fer School stuff you care to for today.

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Maine Kayaks on a Massachusetts Beach

By Bob Hicks

The email from Tammy Venn at *ACK* was brief, announcing that Tom Bergh of Maine Island Kayaks would be down our way at Ipswich's Pavilion Beach to demo his line of Nigel Dennis sea kayaks to all interested on Saturday afternoon, June 6. I decided to go on over, it's only ten miles from home, well within my comfortable traveling range nowadays. Pavilion Beach is far enough out of the convenient reach of summer beachgoers, way out at the end of Great Neck overlooking the Plum Island Sound channel to the sea, that the town has actually has set aside the north end of said beach for launching hand carried (no trailer boats) small boats. Such beach access is virtually non existent amidst our population pollution.

It was sunny, but with the ongoing cool sea breeze off the still cold Atlantic we've had this spring blowing, the beach was just about deserted. And there was Tom with his van and trailer and about a half dozen kayaks lined up on the beach. It was already an hour into the 1-4pm session and there seemed to be nobody trying out the boats. A couple of paddlers who were at the boats were there to help Tom handle the anticipated assembled multitude. Obviously used to this state of affairs, Tom remarked that, "ten years ago there'd have been a hundred wannabees here." The sea kayak business has changed a lot in the 30 years since Tom opened for business in 1986 on Peaks Island in Portland Harbor offering kayaking instruction, adventure trips and special skills workshops. (For more info on Maine Island Kayak Co, google Maine Island Kayaks).

Tom and I reconnected over the intervening years since we last met until a couple of prospects turned up and Tom had to go to work. I sat on a nearby bench to await any further developments. As I contemplated the tranquil waters (it was just about the top of the tide) I recalled how it had been 30 years since I had launched off a similar beach over in nearby Gloucester on my first sea kayak "expedition," a ten mile paddle along the ocean shore of Cape Ann to Rockport. Chuck Sutherland had talked me into it and provided the hard chine Dunn kayak which served me well as a newbie.

Today I was not going to be trying out the Nigel Dennis kayaks, wonderful leading edge boats for the discerning experienced paddler. I no longer care to paddle in the ocean, what I once regarded as challenges had become more like hurdles, so I retired to inland flatwater rivers and lakes in my 14' Wilderness Systems Tsunami.

Tammy Venn (*Atlantic Coastal Kayaker* for 24 years) and Tom Bergh (Maine Island Kayak Co for 29 years), two survivors in the sea kayak business.

This is what Tom has to say about these boats on his website: "We sell what we paddle. We are the largest retailer of Nigel Dennis (NDK & SKUK) kayaks in the North East and New England, we carry the full range of Nigel's design in all sizes and colors. These are the go to boats for paddlers who seek out challenging conditions. As guides and coaches, we trust them with our lives. They also provide a solid platform for beginners and intermediate paddlers, meeting every challenge as your skills increase."

Those who were now trickling in responding to the announcement of Tom's demo day were obviously serious paddlers, judging from their gear. Dry suits and wet suits prevailed, that ocean was still cold and these guys knew all about that. Then Tammy and husband David turned up to cover the action for *ACK* (ackayak@comcast.net). David is now *ACK*'s editor (founder Tammy now has become publisher) set to work with camera and notebook, and soon enough Tammy got to try out the $4,500 "NDK Pilgrim LV Hybrid 50/50, Orange/White/Orange with Carbon Kevlar Rim and Deck" showpiece which sat regally chest high on cradles by the trailer awaiting arrival of sufficiently serious prospects judged to be qualified for such a high performance boat. Tammy certainly qualified and besides she owns the kayak magazine and was a long time friend of Tom's.

Eventually all the boats lined up on the beach were afloat, but curiously most were just sitting there a few feet off the beach in the calm seas chatting. Later they seemed to have come to some agreement to set out on a cruise across the channel to the tip of Plum Island a half mile away. As the beach emptied of kayaks I headed for my truck, swinging by Tom where he was pontificating to the bubble man about the progress made in sea kayak design, to say goodbye. It seems that since those early skinny, tippy, tiny cockpit Brit boats began to turn up here in the '80s, great strides have been made in hull designs that today offer high performance with a level of stability that enables the newbie to set out with some confidence to master the skills of serious sea kayaking.

The bubble man? Yep. One of the prospects brought along a bucket of suds with very high surface tension and some long sticks with wire loops which he dipped into the bucket and then held aloft to allow the wind to blow out huge quivering bubbles that the few kids on hand delighted in chasing off down the beach. I didn't ask him if this was a hobby or a business, he did seem to be having a great time doing this after sampling the NGK boats.

Left above: The $4,500 high end Pilgrim for discerning paddlers. Below: Lineup on the beach ready for action.

Tammy getting set for a tryout of the Pilgrim.

Nigel's poster illustrating paddling action in his native Wales.

That there is carbon/Kevlar you're lookin' at.

Serious paddler heading out.

The bubble man discusses the entry level Romany with some geared up paddlers.

Local surfing was not too demanding.

The fleet heads out for the shore of Plum Island across the way.

Solar Powered Kayak

By Robert Dalley
rdalley@att.net

They are coming. Pictured is my testing of a solar powered kayak I designed and built. I was pleased with the performance. Below is a comparison of the kayak I built, with the only commercially available kayak listed from a google search.

Commercially Available Boat

1. Wattage (soft array) 35 watts
2. Mounted solar equipment only, $850
3. Distance range at slow speed (2 mph), 32 miles
4. Distance at high speed (4 mph), 9 miles

My Boat

1. Wattage (hard array) 45 watts
2. $150 Harbor Freight
3. Similar projection
4. (5 mph) 3 to 4 miles

It should be noted here that my kayak was powered 33% above the commercially

listed kayak. The hull material used is linear pvc foam (stealth material) with a Kevlar graphite bottom. The electric motor is a 2015 model salt water 40lb thrust motor.

There were two performance factors notable with the solar powered prototype I built. First, when shifted to high speed the kayak lunged forward with noticeable power, then smoothed out. There was a noticeable water wake noise which stopped when the kayak reached the maximum speed at around 5mph. I had to slow down to turn safely. And secondly, and more noticeable with the prototype kayak, when the boat was moving across the water there was almost complete silence. It was like driving a motorboat across the water with no motor noise.

I have been building boats for 60 years. I could not help but remember the first boat I built. I used 6" tongue and groove boards with tar in the joints. I needed a crane to move it and the boat leaked like crazy. So the solar powered kayak technology was undreamed of. The box the pvc foam was delivered in weighed more then the foam.

For questions on the solar powered kayak, Dalley can be reached with email at Rdalley@att.net.

Normsboat

By Norm Wolfe

My Normsboat has met my expectations. I sail single handed and the race from the bow to stern after weighing anchor was tough in a Dovekie. Not a problem with two people though.

Normsboat could be made secure, at least on a trailer, with a hard cover for the slot, but it would be a lot to haul along while underway.

Dovekie was not designed for a motor. The factory solution was a rudder mount. Other owners fabricated a mount which form fitted over the aft corner of the stern cockpit coaming and so was off to one side. Normsboat has a dedicated motor well with room for a small gas tank, although I still have no motor.

Dovekie

Normsboat

Dovekie Comparisons

Reprinted from the *ShallowWater Sailor*

(*SWS* Editor's note: Nonn Wolfe recently responded to a query for information on how the Normsboat compared to the Dovekie. I thought this was an interesting topic to riff on, so I have added my thoughts on a Dovekie/Sea Pearl 21 comparison.)

Normsboat is really for one person to sleep below, considering the mast step. We have slept two with one in the cockpit but it is a tight squeeze. If I made Normsboat for two, I would extend her to at least 20', which is the loa of the Michalak AF2, which is nearly identical except for having no sail. Also, Dovekie has a horizontal flat bottom with no rocker which makes for easy sleeping on the floor. Nonnsboat and others in the A-F series have a flat bottom but with rocker, which means that if you try to sleep on it you slowly slide down and end up in the morning scrunched up mid ships. I have a pipe berth, which is horizontal and puts my ear mid ships, not over the point forward where the waves gently slap, slap, slap.

Sea Pearl 21

By Brian Forsyth

I currently sail a 1982 Sea Pearl 21 monohull and I previously owned Dovekie #135 (1 believe it is the last Dovekie made with wooden spars), as well as a couple of other Sea Pearls. Dovekies and Sea Pearls are similar in many ways, both 21' long, around 600lbs empty, flat bottomed and with leeboards for lateral resistance.

The Sea Pearl is narrower, particularly at the waterline, and has less initial stability than the Dovekie. Most of the 400+ Sea Pearls built have tanks that can add about 350lbs of water ballast which is handy when sailing single handed in a breeze. My current Sea Pearl does not have ballast tanks. Instead I have 250lbs of steel plate ballast semi permanently installed under the floorboards that seems to work as well as the water ballast set up.

One of the biggest differences is in the rigs, the Sea Pearl being a cat ketch with two unstayed masts, main and mizzen, each with a single sail. This rig is very handy and makes heaving to a simple matter even in strong winds. Both sails can be easily reefed in several increments by rolling them around their respective masts. Each mast can be raised or lowered by one person, even afloat.

Sail area is similar, my Sea Pearl has a combined area of 136sf, Dovekie is 143sft. My "seat of the pants" experience indicates the Sea Pearl is a little faster under sail than the Dovekie. This is likely due to less wetted surface area. I think the Dovekie might point a little higher.

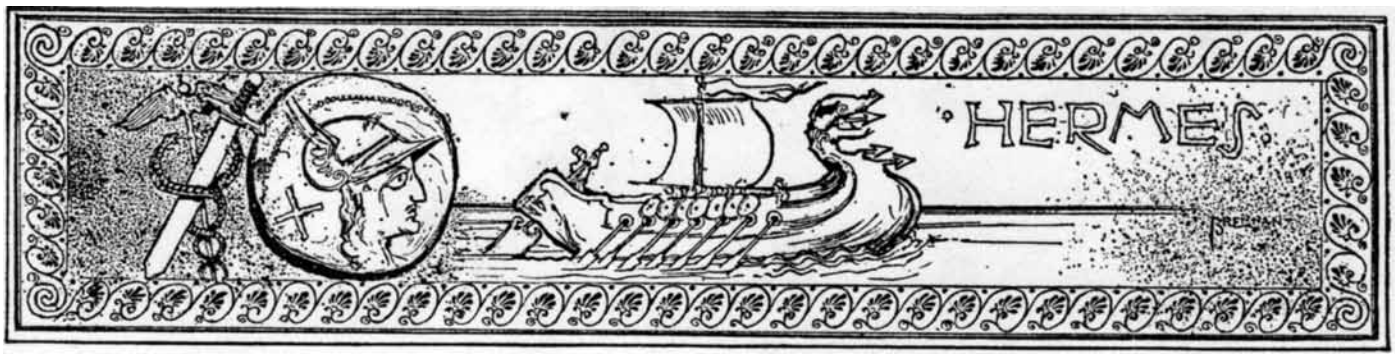
Both boats were designed to be rowed and both need 9'-10' oars. I wouldn't want to row either one more than a mile on a hot day. A 2hp long shaft outboard motor will move either boat at hull speed on partial throttle. The standard Sea Pearl motor mount attaches to the rudder stock and makes the steering heavier than I like. I made my own motor mount that attaches to the transom to fix this.

Where Dovekie excels is in cruising accommodations for two or three persons. It is difficult to sleep more than one adult in the Sea Pearl's center cockpit due to the narrow hull and side decks. Like Norm does in his Normsboat, when camping with crew I rig an "aft cabin" in the aft cockpit with a boom tent and some plywood boards to make a level sleeping platform. For one person, the Sea Pearl center cockpit is quite roomy and secure with a nicely integrated "convertible cabin" fabric tent. In Florida, where Sea Pearls are built and there are a large number of them, they are often fitted with biminis to shade the center and aft cockpits. The boat can be sailed with either or both biminis deployed.

The Dovekle has a lot more structure (boom gallows, coamings between the cockpit and hatches) to whack your head on. (Ask me sometime how I know.) The Sea Pearl has two rather light aluminum booms that are comfortably above seated head level when sailing.

I have not yet accidently capsized either boat, but it can be done. In gusty winds both need to be actively sailed with mainsheet readily at hand. Neither can be reliably self rescued in deep water without adding supplemental buoyancy. My Sea Pearl has some additional buoyancy modifications.

Sea Pearl



Bow Riding

By Dan Rogers

My personal favorite, very best place aboard to sail from is the bow pulpit of a modest sized sailboat that is sailing herself off to weather. What I do is sit ahead of the forestay and keep my feet wrapped around a stanchion, or even jammed behind the stemhead in some fashion. I get to watch the wind do its invisible magic on the jib and then farther aft again with the main. But the absolutely best part of this is that I can be a part of the dance my little girl does with not only the wind waves, but her own wake as well. Absolute best seat in the house.

I suppose it isn't completely necessary that the boat be self steering when I am out playing tourist up forward. But it's a whole lot more intimate if I am the only human on deck. Of necessity I am facing aft, a temporary departure from the COLREGS mandate for posting a proper lookout. My boats, at least normally, know where they are going and I trust them to avoid running into things. The best time of day to do this is in the middle of the night. There's less stuff out there to run into at night.

Climb out onto the bow on a warm, starry night. Phosphorescence in the water makes this all the more magical. Most boats of my acquaintance can hold a course for at least the time it takes to drink a cup of coffee. So I normally take one with me out there. A harness snapped on to a jackline is probably a good idea. But the sensation is one of complete disembodiment. There's the wind in my ears, the boat descending with the head seas. The slush, gurgle, splash and slap of water against the bow develops a syncopation all its own. I'll describe it as hurtling through space. Absolutely, everyone should try it some time. Do it once and you'll be hooked.

And whenever I think I can avoid the protective eyes of mothers and grandmothers, I'll make it a point of honor that each and every kid that sails with me has spent some time up forward. On their own. It's a completely delightful way for a kid to get the feel of how a boat behaves. Moreover, it's a great way to demonstrate independent action in quite controlled conditions. And that's all quite mystical and wonderful.

A typical view from up for'd. But much more intimate with nobody sitting in the cockpit.

But every kid, myself included, who has ever gone up forward when the bow is heaving a bit will sooner or later jump up when the boat reaches her apogee to make their own jump magnified. Great fun. And once upon a time I did that same trick in an extreme and unexpected way.

As the song goes, "back when I wore a younger man's clothes," I was aboard an ancient Navy salvage tug. This old girl had been at the Tokyo Bay assemblage on Vee Jay Day, done her bit in Korea, done Market Time ops in Viet Nam and was then serving out her dotage in a ragtag squadron out of Seattle in the late '70s. We were on transit from Puget Sound on south to San Diego. The wind had been out of the prevailing quarter, astern, for several days as we sloshed our way south. By then the seas had built to rather large combers. I thought it would be cool to get a picture of the ship from out at the most forward extremity.

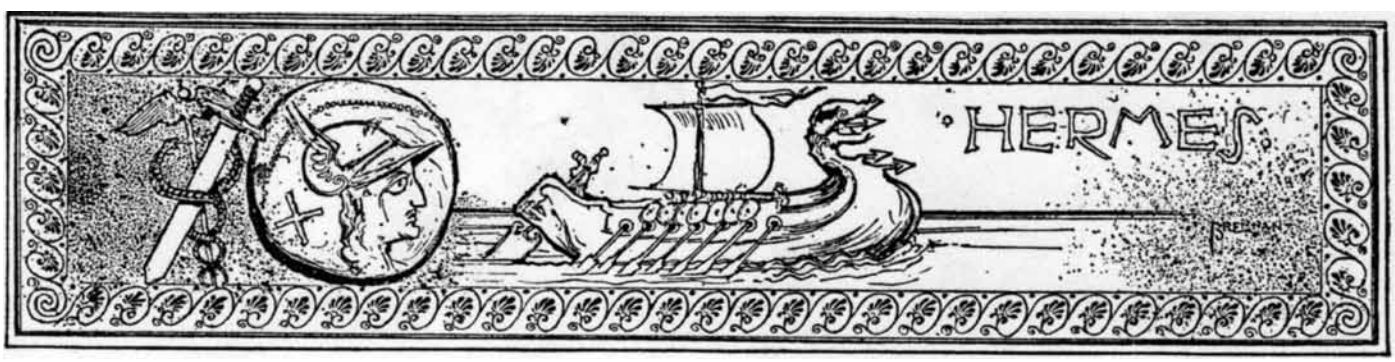
This is that particular boat with yours truly doing a variation on the pulpit ride. That little fin keeler could run on auto for miles.

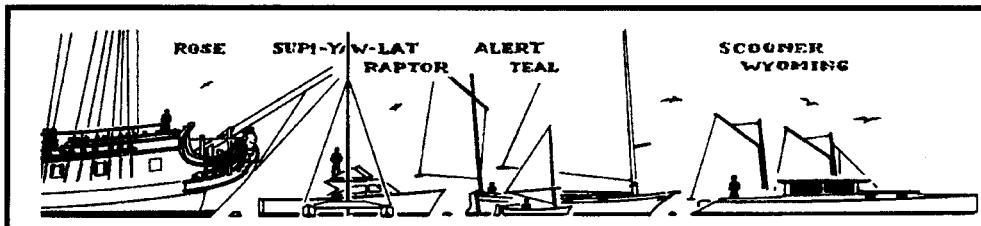
With a following sea, the focs'l was pretty dry and as each sea would overtake us, with that characteristic heel toe gyration and uninhibited roll of a slow, round bottom ship, the breaking water up by the bridge wings was really dramatic. So up forward I headed. This was a long time ago, so my camera would have been a trusty 35mm SLR with a roll of film inside. Decidedly non waterproof. And saltwater on the lens was never a good thing. So anyhow, I was out there facing aft, taking pictures of the ship as she appeared to be swallowed by the huge seas from astern.

There were quite long bronze wire life lines strung from the focs'l head on aft without any intermediate stanchions, maybe a 30' span. I was also taking telephoto shots of the bridge crew and the officer the deck in particular as they stood their watch up there behind the portholes. I caught an almost demonic grin from the OOD that basically told me I had stayed too long out there on the open deck. The ship started to rise. And rise. And even higher as the fantail settled into the trough. A breaking welter began to sweep forward from stern to waist and then on toward the spot I was standing. Actually, I was in process of being rocketed upwards.

I grabbed my camera and swung it on the neck strap under my coat with one hand and grabbed for that long bronze wire life line with the other. Once the ship had catapulted me up off the deck, she immediately drove downward and jolted forward. I was essentially weightless and suspended in mid-air in a frozen stride. I slid like a trolly sheave aft on that bronze wire. This was the stuff of Olympic record. I did a 30' long jump from a standing start, never touching the deck or losing my grip on that wire. And then solid water crashed down on me. Well short of the weather deck's hatch. Wet and sputtering. But what a ride! Everybody should try it. Really.

The ol' *Moc* underway in calm conditions.





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"SACPAS-3" (LCP-Landing Craft Personnel)

Design #681: 39'1"x7'5"x12"x225hp
18th in a Series of Articles

Higher displacement speed at about 8 knots.

Eighteenth installment? Talk about having this story drawn out! And I sure would have preferred this experimental project to have gone as hoped for way back in the mists of time. The next to last piece on SACPAS-3, installment #16, was published in *MAIB* Vol 31, No 8, December 2013. After discussing the many opportunities arising out of using factory built fiberglass angles and square-pipes for certain details and many reinforcements, I outlined the rather ominous challenges for PB&F at that time arising out of a substantial and growing project financial deficit that had to be floated somehow and the uncertainty around every stakeholder's position, obligations and interest in the project.

In the January 2014 issue (Vol 31, No 9) installment #17 discussed more ways to use those fiberglass shapes, including for driving a square tube into a round hole, which worked beautifully! That set of slopwell drains has been working well since. However, on the darker dramatics discussed in installment #16 certainly the fiscal issues grew worse. Things had to be resolved. And after an increasingly robust exchange of perspectives, PB&F came to own the project by April 2014 with bills remaining unpaid.

That particular group within the Navy referenced "sequestration" (i.e., indiscriminate across the board budget cuts) as the main reason, while the city had apparently changed its policy mind, going from eagerly publicizing the project early, then sharing front-page local news with our (then) Congressman visiting, to now jumping off it for good at the high 90% mark of project completion. Both had apparently clung to the optimistic (make that unrealistic) assumption that we could carry out this experimental, unproven design, to be built by non boat builders in public view for the US Navy, the city and the state with an implausibly lean budget. To put it into a bumper sticker format, I came to have a 55% budget for a 100% project.

The assumption on this end had been that the initial budget parameters were to ensure lean reflexes in running this project, making sure that no one was feeding at the public budget trough. And once the growing series of weekly illustrated reports documented a very sober approach on the shop floor, this experiment would be seen by both major stakeholders through to its successful conclusion, with all stakeholders going for rides, smiling for cameras and brimming with their share in the laudable ambition to pursue low carbon boat building with this first project towards doing more of this on an increasingly ambitious and economical scale.

The city runs about a $100 million annual budget, with that Navy division advising me on their challenges of managing their $200 million budget. Five digit figure bills to either party would not be sealing their fiscal fate any. As I argued strenuously, a constructive engagement to fiscally bring the project to a mutually agreeable conclusion would seem preferable. And who would think that either party would not know what boats cost to build. Or that we'd start such an experiment with all its dictated uncertainties and then not plan to cover the contingencies all the way towards it hitting the water ready for testing. Our new mayor may have a more determined mindset pursuing such opportunities to reinvigorate Gloucester's port economy.

At any rate, PB&F did not need to own another boat nor want to continue wrestling with the red budget numbers! By July 2014 new clients agreed to take over the project, thus resolving the fiscal challenges on this end, while taking advantage of the massive subsidy by Navy and city towards what now became their boat at a fraction of the total cost for such a custom project. It took quite some time to decompress after this stressful ride. This had really taken its toll and had come way too early after losing Phil.

Then came this astonishing New England winter this year. I discussed in the March 2015 issue of *MAIB* (Vol 32, No 11) how I single handedly hung that heavy,

sharp edged and fragile 225hp V-6 beast on the transom. That was in late January. Just then we entered a seven week stretch of serious winter weather (for Gloucester that is!) with crisp low temperatures and over 108" of snow, giving me grave worries about roof loads (over 160 roofs collapsed in Massachusetts alone). And this gave me no hope of making progress towards getting her launch ready during a normally milder winter. And as everyone building anything larger knows, there is always more to do than we had thought. Should you need a sure fire way to humiliate yourself, just state a given date as the firm launch date.

Good thing was that I, in fact, had succeeded at the ridiculous idea of finding a loaner 225hp outboard to test SACPAS-3 with the big power. Chris Perley of Perley's Marina in Rowley, Massachusetts, finally gave in and prepped his older Mariner for my experiment. So, with her new owners interested in moving only at displacement speeds, at best pushed along by 60hp, I would have opportunity to first explore her characteristics at higher speeds before we'd take our Yamaha T-50 off *Resolution's* starboard cathead again to power her with that to establish how this would suit them.

And that is where we are now. Here the photos of her quiet launching without any fanfare, guests, or brass band, just Andrew Hailey of Parker River Marine who had made short work moving about Phil's *Resolution,* one of her owners and myself. Then the boat's first movements and fine posings in our saltmarsh settings.

What would turn out to be a silly newbie problem perfectly obvious to those familiar with such big engines had, during her first days afloat, crippled the engine to allow no more than full displacement speed. As of the moment of getting this piece into this issue, I have found and fixed the problem, engaged in ample self-flagellations, and then got to feel her coming fully alive at wide open throttle.

Now on to testing her with various loads, at various speeds, in various conditions. And showing off with her. Or better put, her looking good while I get to drive her.

What drove me through the various stages of this project was that I would not have a failure to my name here in Gloucester, not a local smear on Phil's reputation and, on a higher level than he intended, followed Dynamite Payson's interest in showing that this work could be done to reasonable results even by non boat builders if need be under as implausible budgetary constraints as outlined here.

Now on to feeling out her limits and not exceed them! She seems to have ample power anyway. Next time, more on bringing her fully alive. From now on she shall be known as *Gadabout* and the gentleman in the picture of her bow gate is Jay, one of her two new owners.

Launching bow first.

Heading out on first few yards.

First nose to float crew drop off.

Posing bow starboard quarter.

First morning in her temporary mud berth.

First beaching.

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

I read boating accident reports to learn what went wrong. Learning what not to do from others is better than learning it on one's own. A hole in your boat below the water line is not a good thing! A standard response is to stick something in the hole to stop, or slow, the inflow of water. Another response is to put a patch of some sort over the hole on the outside of the hull (if you have such on board). Few of us carry a piece of heavy plastic/canvas with grommets in the corners for lines to hold the material over the hole (collision mat) while the boat is moved to a place where more permanent repairs can be made. One of our boats was hit by lightning in its slip and sank when a through hull fitting was blown out. The gunwales were out of the water at low tide so we patched the hole with a plug from the outside and pumped out the boat.

But what if you are in deep water and the wind and waves are up? Putting a plug (wood or soft plastic) in might work if it does not pop back out from the up/down motion of the hull. In one case I read about the plug would not stay in despite repeated attempts to pound it in (do you have a hammer on board) and the boat sank. One solution was a plastic device that was inserted into the hole and then "opened" like an umbrella and pulled it up against the hull (Subrella). The water pressure then held it in place. I have seen pictures of this device but have not actually seen one or read about its successful use. Another approach to the "umbrella under water" is called Seabung which was designed to be put through a seacock, opened up and allow you to remove the seacock for repair/replacement. Both of these approaches require a clean hull to avoid any leakage.

While researching ways to plug a hole in the hull, I raised the question in the June issue as to whether the displacement of the vessel affected the inflow of water. The answers I received all stated that the displacement of the vessel has no bearing on the inflow of water. It is the size and depth of the hole that determines the inflow. One can learn something new every day.

The float switch to the bilge pump on our Sisu 26 runs on a separate wire from the battery. When the main electrical switch is turned off this wire keeps power to the float switch, and hence, the pump. All electrical connections on a boat require a fuse someplace between the source of power and the device. Since the independent electrical power to the float switch/pump does not go through the main fuse panel, I have an inline fuse connection (which is not the recommended method). I have been looking for a single fuse holder, that will work in the marine environment, that I can install near the battery so I can replace the inline fuse. I have not found such a device and am stuck with the inline fuse system and periodic inspection to insure it is working and not corroding.

I wrote a while back about the effort to decriminalize "slungshots," which is a term for a weighted monkey fist on a short piece of line. Used for generations by sailors to help throw lines when mooring, they were often carried for self defense purposes and were made illegal in Florida in the 1900s and considered a misdemeanor. The effort to decriminalize owning or using this device this year failed when the Florida Legislature adjourned and the bill was not taken up in the special session.

Many years ago I was in the boat repair business. Since I had bought and repaired for our own use a number of damaged boats, I was comfortable with most small boat repairs. An interesting project was a boat with a nice round hole in the keel. The owner wanted to install a bilge pump and had drilled the first hole for the screws when he discovered that there was no inner liner and he had drilled through the hull. Much of my fiberglass repair work had been on larger holes (including the fiberglass tanks at a local car wash, when the drivers hit the tanks while entering the car wash).

A nice small hole was another matter since I would have to grind down some of the glass on both sides to get a good patch that would hold and the fiberglass of the hull was not that thick. After consulting with the owner on options, we decided on a nice, simple patch. I used a stainless steel bolt of the right diameter and length, two stainless steel washers, a nut and some sealant. I stuck the bolt (with washer) part way into the hole and covered the washer with the sealant. Then, after sticking the bolt the rest of the way through, I covered the inside with more sealant and then put on the washer and nut. I then tightened down the nut. After the sealant had set, the boat was launched and used. No leak was reported.

You turn on your VHF, chart plotter, GPS and start your fuel injected engine. All of these devices depend on hardware chips and software programming to work properly. Most of what we use today came from the development work of people in the mid-1980s and early 1990s who were interested in micro computers (smaller, faster, more features). A good book on the early development of micro computers is *Accidental Empires: How the Boys of Silicon Valley Make Their Millions, Battle Foreign Competition and Still Can't Get a Date* (1992, 1996) by Mark Stephens under the pen name Robert X. Cringely (Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, Inc). The apps on your smart phone and the weather information on your laptop come from the internet which was developed from a DOD funded project. A readable history of the creation of the tool we used today can be found in the book, *Where Wizards Stay Up Late: The Origins of the Internet* (1996) by Katie Hafner and Matthew Lyon (Simon & Schuster). Find a copy of either (or both) for a good and informative read.

Certain Constants

By Jim Niederlehner

There are certain constants in springtime motorboating, like finding that your boat doesn't work on your first warm day off. I have been helping my brother renovate a 1987 Mastercraft ski boat that has an inboard motor. Last fall we got skunked, apparently due to a malfunctioning carburetor float valve. It took lots of cranking to start the engine, coupled with hints of flooding. Fortunately we headed upwind from the state boat ramp. When the skipper throttled back, the engine stalled. I could see a continuous drip of gasoline at the main venturis, even after the engine stalled. By this time the old battery was not up for any more cranking. We paddled back to the boat ramp. I got my brother a carburetor for Christmas. I'm still dissecting the old one in my basement, just for education's sake.

This spring, we headed back to the state ramp to try out the new carburetor and new battery. I expected to use lots of starting fluid since the new float chambers will need to fill from cranking action on the mechanical fuel pump. Starting fluid (ether) makes a spectacular cloud of smoke. In our case, make that multiple clouds of smoke! After the engine started and responded to throttle changes, we noticed 3" of water in the bilge and a fast trickle of water flowing over the top of the starter motor. Quick, back on the trailer!

The next day we started up the engine on the trailer with a "Fake a Lake" hose attachment to supply cooling water. The culprit is suspected to be a freeze plug at the rear of the block under the bell housing, since it looks like leaking water is flung out by the flywheel, exiting near the starter motor. That repair is going to be a big job requiring hoisting the motor and transmission out of the mounts and later realigning the transmission with the driveshaft.

My brother glumly departed for home with his boat and trailer in tow. The next day I went out to launch my 2004 Whaler. It has a new battery and fresh air in the tires, what could go wrong? After launching, I found that the engine power tilt switches did nothing! I knew that the power tilt system was working in the winter because I bump the switch periodically during the off season to see if the battery is dead! The bilge pump motor didn't come on when requested either.

It seems like I studied a dozen color combinations on the wires under the engine cowling and under the center console. Studying wiring in the center console involves removing the battery and placing cushions on either side of the tiny console door. Then I squeeze my shoulders into the console and wait for my eyes to adjust to dim light. The light wouldn't be as dim if my waistline was smaller or if the console door was bigger.

On the inside of the console I noted a cover over two circuit breakers labeled "main" and "bilge." The reset button on this "main" breaker was out and would not reset when pushed. The "bilge" breaker is fed by a red wire from the "main" breaker. So hopefully I have diagnosed the problem. I am awaiting a delivery from West Marine to tell me if my diagnosis is correct.

The good thing about this adventure is that it elevated my brother's mood when he heard that an 11 year old boat can cause the same kind of headaches as a 28 year old boat!

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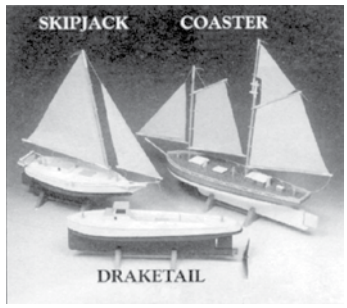

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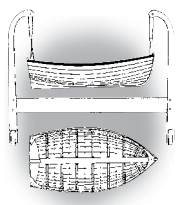

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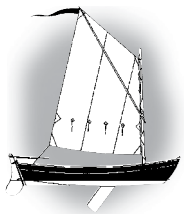

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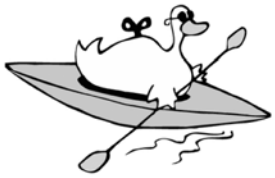

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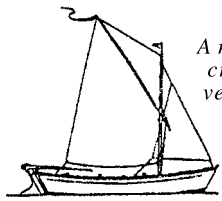

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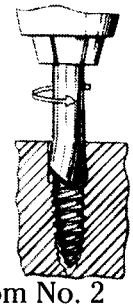

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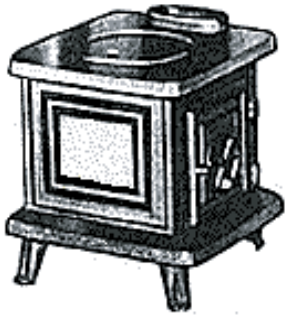

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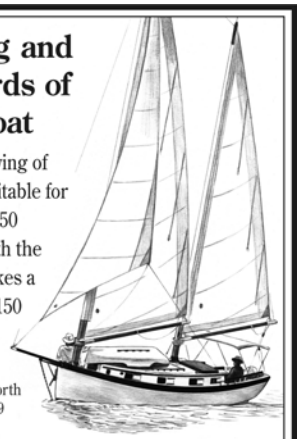

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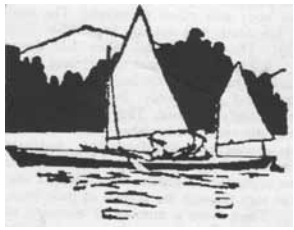

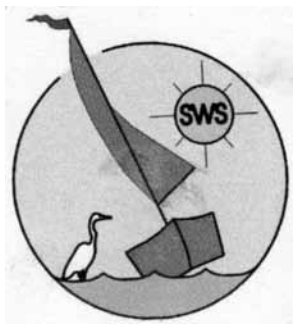

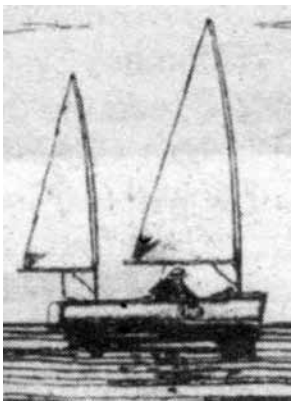

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BOB, Duluth, MN. (218) 343-5887, otter55806@yahoo.com (9)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of $8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.

'**82 Oxford Dinghy,** 10' loa, displacement 130lbs, sail rig, Shaw and Tenney oars and serviceable trlr. This unique round stern dinghy is exceptionally stable as a tender it will take a crew of 3 under oars or motor. All brass fittings, mahogany seats & trim, this boat makes friends wherever it goes. Nice cond. $2,500.
DICK HALL, Altoona, PA, (814) 222-0452, rhall807@gmail.com (9)

16' (on deck) Chesapeake Bay Skipjack, keel & frames white oak, sides & deck white cedar, bottom " marine ply, fastenings bronze, rigging stainless, mast hollow spruce stepped on a pin, sails, jib & main properly cared for. Built '05. No trlr. Asking $3,000.
WINSLOW WOMACK, St Michaels MD, (410) 745-9589, wwomack@bluecrab.org. (9)

'72 Del Quay 19' Fisher Boat Dory, w/9 hp Sabb w/'90 EZ Lock trlr Exc cond. $3,750.
JOHN, (941) 302-2212 or JOAN, (941) 276-0317. (9)

11' Rowboat, designed & built by Ed McClave ca '80. Cedar on oak. W/oars. $1,750.
(860) 536-3325. (8)

18'6" Midland, '75, glass, 25hp Mariner. $1,500.
(860) 536-3325. (8)

19' Sailing Dory, glued lapstrake '84, sprit yawl, tanbark sails. Needs some varnish, daggerboard trunk repair. Has oars & cover, no trlr. $1,000 OBO. **7'8" Oughtred Mouse**, rowing version. No stern seat, gray & white, ready to go. $500 OBO.
JOHN SANDUSKY, Rocky Point Long Island NY.
johngsandusky@hotmail.com (8)

18' Marshall Sanderling Catboat, boat, motor, trailer, etc. (upgrades). Asking $7,900.
EDWARD BURR, Groton, CT, (860) 405-0722. (8)

22' Herreshoff Eagle Sloop, in Bohemia Creek, Chesapeake Bay, seeking a one-third partner. Built in RI in '74, w/cabin with 2 bunks, stove, portable toilet, fine for short voyages throughout the Bay. New sails '14. Looking for competent sailor willing to share annual work days, share the annual costs of docking and winter storage, estimated at $1,500/yr.
DENNIS BRUNN, dbrunn@verizon.net, (609) 529-8838. (8)

Flying Fifteen, by Uffa Fox, glass hull, needs deck. $200.
(860) 536-3325. (8)

19' Stevenson's Weekender, built approx '81, has OH hull number (at present), in gd vy usable cond. Structurally seems to be in very good shape, Light blue color, subject to change. Brand new, still in the bag folded, Dabbler sails. I raised the jib to see how it sets up. Has older rigging, spars, and a mast that is light enough to be stepped by one person. No need for a tabernacle, but it would be an easier setup if converted. An easy change. Has an unregistered trlr that is usable, but could use some updating w/tires & lights. That may be changed too. Currently asking $2,950 for the package, or reasonable offer. Price may change as upgrades are added. Email for photos & details: grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com
GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY (Buffalo area), (716) 681-1315 (8)

Mirror Dinghy, hull only. Restorable, or will make a good rowboat or tender or a makeshift Mirror Dinghy. Positive flotation. Located in Buffalo, NY area. Will accept a fair offer. Contact for info and/or phone.
GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY, grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com (8)

21' Pete Culler Pulling Bateau, nearly new. Flat bottom, lap strake, 1-3 rowers, fixed seat, 1 pr Shaw and Tenny oars, West epoxy marine plywood bottom. No leaks, fast, beautiful & capable pulling boat. $3,900. Local delivery possible. FRED EBINGER, Ipswich MA, (978) 356-7300 call or text. (8)

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***Small Boat Journal* Magazines,** March, '79-July, '91 compl, 80 issues, incl Pilot Issue. Like new cond. Wonderful magazine on order of *Rudder* magazine: boating lore, stories, boat reviews and building instructions, and delightful boat designs and commentary by Phil Bolger. 1st 16 are 11"x11", 64 others 8.5"x11". Prefer to sell as set. $200 for set, somewhat negotiable. Pick up in Annapolis (I'll be here through Annapolis Boat Shows in October) or I'll mail if you spring for postage.
CHUCK, (443) 370-7559, tabrver@gmail.com (9)

Collection of Boatbuilding & Nautical Books, from '50s -'80s, some rare.17 books, 8 rare magazines, 7 plan sets. Most in exc cond. Incl books by L.F. Herreshoff, John Gardner, Howard Chapelle, Atwood Manley, Vincent Gilpin, George Dyson, John MacGregor, S.S. Rabl, Thomas Hill, Stellmok & Thurlow, Thomas Firth Jones. Plan sets by Phil Bolger, Rob't. Johnson, Platt Monfort. Prices $5 & up ea. Will sell individual titles.Request detailed list with prices; I'll send in email. Pick up in Annapolis, I'll be here through Annapolis Boat shows in October, or I'll mail if you'll pay postage.
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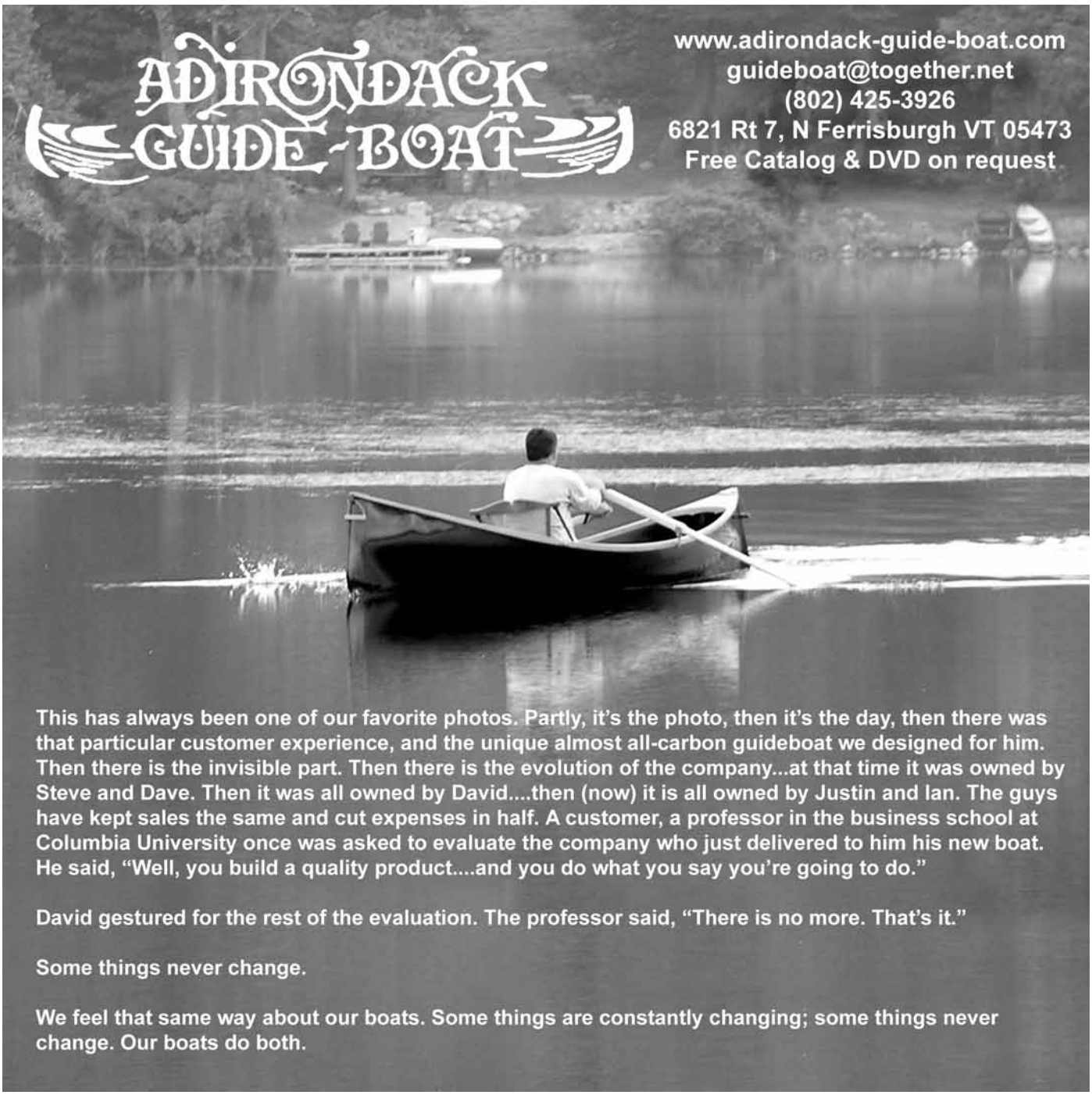

This has always been one of our favorite photos. Partly, it's the photo, then it's the day, then there was that particular customer experience, and the unique almost all-carbon guideboat we designed for him. Then there is the invisible part. Then there is the evolution of the company...at that time it was owned by Steve and Dave. Then it was all owned by David....then (now) it is all owned by Justin and Ian. The guys have kept sales the same and cut expenses in half. A customer, a professor in the business school at Columbia University once was asked to evaluate the company who just delivered to him his new boat. He said, "Well, you build a quality product....and you do what you say you're going to do."

David gestured for the rest of the evaluation. The professor said, "There is no more. That's it."

Some things never change.

We feel that same way about our boats. Some things are constantly changing; some things never change. Our boats do both.